

Catholic Digest

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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 5

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CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Today were the days of Pentecost accomplished, alleluia: today the Holy Spirit appeared, in the form of fire, to the disciples, and gave them the gifts of His graces: he sent them throughout the whole world to preach and testify, that he who shall believe and be baptized shall be saved, alleluia.

From Vespers of Pentecost.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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NO. 8

Christ's Sacrifice

By THEODORE WESSELING, O.S.B.

Condensed from the *Tablet**

I will draw all things

We shall never understand anything about Christ if we do not constantly maintain the unity of the human and the divine in the Person of the Son. The whole meaning of the incarnation was that Christ's humanity should be the steward of His divinity. He meant the actions of His life to be the seed of divine graces; to be carried on the winged wind of the Holy Ghost to the four corners of the world; to be sowed in the soil of man's soul, and to flower into something eternally beautiful, both human and divine. His passion is the instrument of divine power. The human death of the Son of God gives birth to a life of divine sonship in the sons of men.

We have become accustomed to stressing only the human side in Christ's sacrifice. In fact, our whole notion of sacrifice has become one of a merely human action. And because

we see nothing but a one-sided offering in our personal sacrifices, and realize that we lose what we offer, our notion of sacrifice has become something frightening rather than inspiring. And yet sacrifice has been the highest religious act a man could accomplish, and therefore the center of his religious life.

I cannot help thinking that the meaning of Christ's own sacrifice was given us in what is called the sacerdotal prayer. Of all the examples of prayer which the Gospels give us, it is the most instructive as to the meaning of Christ and His work, His incarnation and His death and resurrection. This prayer gives us an inkling of the mystery of Christianity, its purpose and its fulfillment. There is one verse in particular which seems to allude immediately to the coming events: "And for them do I sanctify Myself:

*12 Queen Victoria St., Reading, England. March 29, 1941.

that they also may be sanctified in truth" (John XVII, 19). To sanctify, to hallow, to sacrifice are all different ways of saying: to make holy. The Latin *sacrificare*, and the Greek *hagiazein* have the same meaning. Now, this simple word contains something very obvious which we have nearly lost sight of. Sacrifice implies not only something to be made holy, it also implies that there is somebody who can make holy. And there is only One who can make holy. Holiness is nothing but a share in the divine. The only One who can make holy is God. A sacrifice, therefore, which means that something is to be made holy, cannot possibly be limited to the action of man alone. Man is not divine, he cannot make holy. Sacrifice demands of all necessity that God play a part, and in fact the most important part. Unless God accepts our offering, unless He makes it His, there is no sacrifice. The offering of Cain was not a sacrifice.

A sacrifice, then, is a bilateral action. It is one, single action, accomplished by two agents: God and man. This seems very subtle, yet in everyday life we have the example of marriage which is also one, single action accomplished by two persons, each making his own particular contribution. The very basis of a sacrifice is the meeting of God and man. In other words, the essence of sacrifice is union of the divine and the human. From this

union a greater and closer union will result, and so there is nothing difficult in the fact that union is in one sense the essence of the sacrifice, and in another the result of the sacrifice. This shows, incidentally, that participation, or communion, is the normal fulfillment of sacrifice.

In Christ's sacerdotal prayer it is precisely union which is the leitmotiv: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The unity of the Blessed Trinity in its eternal mystery, the unity of all redeemed men among each other, and the share of all these believers in the unity of Father and Son and Holy Ghost is here made the most powerful apologetic argument for the mission of Christ. There is, indeed, no more persuasive affirmation of Christianity than the simple fact of the Church at the Mass.

The Mass is such a simple thing. There is first a preparation of mind and heart, necessary if we are going to accomplish the highest act of the world, the renewal of the whole redemption, in and with Christ for the continuation of the redemption of all mankind. Then there follows the human part, the offering, by way of a symbol, of all we have and all we are. This part is terminated by the solemn *per omnia saecula saeculorum*, which leads over to the Preface. After

this, the Canon starts: God's part, the consecration of the gifts which represent ourselves. It is introduced by the great consecratory prayer of the Preface. At the transformation of the gifts our existence is merged in the death and resurrection of Christ, first, however, in the symbols of bread and wine. This part is concluded by another *per omnia saecula saeculorum*, which leads over to the Our Father. With this prayer of Christ the Communion part is begun. And rightly so. For the sacrifice is the fulfillment of this prayer: the union with the Father, the glorification of His name, the coming of His kingdom, the universal brotherhood of love, which starts, like our union with God, with forgiveness: God forgives us, we forgive each other. Lastly, the final victory of Christ in us over all evil. Then comes the highest moment. Our symbols have already been taken by God; we ourselves are now allowed, by means of these symbols, to commune with God in a world-wide communion. For in the individual communion of the Mass the whole of redeemed mankind communes with God.

Never was there anything more powerfully expressive of the unity of mankind than this moment when in one individual the whole of mankind progresses in union with God. Nowhere is there such a powerful expression of the unique value of the human

person, as here where he is entrusted with the mission of Christ and the fulfillment of the purpose of all mankind. It is most touching to see the simple way in which the liturgy goes about these tremendous things: in the three prayers which prepare us more immediately for Communion, the individual dons the garment of the Church's faith, and is allowed to soar high above the blackness of his individual sins and deficiencies. Then, with a simple prayer and a simple gesture the action is brought to a finish.

The most powerful means of readjusting ourselves and the whole Christian society is to go, ever more intensely, through the renewal of the redemption at the Mass. Nothing can be as effective, nothing as constructive, as this share in Christ's re-creation of the world. We have in our days great difficulty in reconciling the sacramental worship of the Church and our personal life of piety. There is a simple means of correcting this. It is merely to make the sacrificial communion of the Mass that profound personal experience which it is meant to be. Let us in this experience be more and more conscious of being the bearers of the needs of all mankind, of being the fully qualified representatives of the Church. If we do this we have made the first real step towards the reconstruction of society on the basis of a Christian world order.

The Circus Goes to Church

By ANTHONY F. MERRILL

Organ or calliope?

Condensed from the *Tablet**

When the 250 souls who comprise the parish of St. Martha's in Sarasota, Fla., attended Easter Mass, their prayers were for the special intention of Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus which was setting forth from winter quarters there on its summer tour.

What made Easter Sunday a particularly significant one for the parishioners of St. Martha's was the fact that on that day Mass was celebrated for the first time in a new church which the circus has given them; for without the circus St. Martha's would still be today a tiny one-room frame structure, instead of a large, new building, big enough to accommodate 600 persons.

Newspaper readers all over the country know that each year Father Charles E. Elslander, pastor of the congregation, blesses the departing circus train, but few persons in this Florida West Coast resort realize what the circus has done for Father Elslander.

It all began seven years ago when the priest was making arrangements for his annual lawn party. Now, St. Martha's lawn parties were never any different from other church affairs. There was the usual bingo game, ice cream, and colored lights on the lawn, and that was about all. At the end of

the evening Father Elslander figured he was lucky if he had taken in \$100.

But one morning after Mass the priest chanced upon Pat Valdo, chief of personnel of the circus, and, seized with an idle thought, he asked Pat what chance there might be of some of the performers from winter quarters putting on a couple of acts at the party. Valdo thought the performers would be glad to oblige, but added that nothing of that nature could be undertaken without the consent of Sam Gumpertz, then boss of the circus. So the priest went to Gumpertz, who readily gave his consent.

On the evening of the party the performers turned up for their acts and so did half of Sarasota and the surrounding country. Far from being a little church social, the lawn party turned out to be a tremendous attraction, and that night Father Elslander counted profits that made him gasp.

The next morning when he marched downtown to tuck it away in the bank, he bumped into Gumpertz. Gumpertz looked at the priest and shook his head sadly. "That was a rotten show you had last night," he announced. "Next year we'll have to do it right."

And thus *Father Elslander's Circus* was born. With the priest there had

*1 Hanson Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. April 12, 1941.

been no thought of another year, until Gumpertz suggested it. The following year the circus was done "right," with trapeze artists, clowns, lion tamers and elephants: all the features of the Greatest Show on Earth, in the rectory's back yard.

Since then the church circus has become a regular part of the parish program, and each year the crowds have grown, as well as the fund in the bank. This spring's performance of Father Elslander's circus chalked up a profit of more than \$3,000 for the little parish in one evening.

But this year the circus could not be held on the back lawn. Instead it was given at the circus' winter quarters, about three miles from town. For on Father Elslander's "circus grounds" there stands a beautiful new church, the down payment on which came out of the bank deposits of seven years of circuses: 25% of the total cost of the new church. In future years the mortgage will probably be retired by circus proceeds.

Meanwhile, about two years ago, non-Catholic Buddy North, younger brother of the show owner, John Ringling North, picked up the phone and called Father Elslander. The circus had had several bad seasons and was about to start out on another summer tour. Young North wondered if Father Elslander would be willing to bless the circus.

Father Elslander *was* willing. On the

day of the departure of the circus train he turned up out at the quarters with two altar boys and another priest. Attended by these three, the priest went from car to car, blessing performers, animals, and the train itself.

Father Elslander was able to use regular blessings provided by the Church which cover actors, trains, and even animals. However, the Church never foresaw the immensity of the big show, so Father Elslander had to pad his blessings a little to last him throughout the tremendous yards in which the long train was assembled.

But the blessings seemed to work, for that year was one of the best in the circus' history. Again last year he blessed the train, and again it had an unusually good season. Now it is the boss himself, John Ringling North, who calls up Father Elslander to make sure that he is coming out to bless the train.

But while blessing the train is glamorous and good news copy, the building of a new church in such a little parish is far more important. For years the winter visitors, who swell the parish rolls to 1,500 for three months, have jammed into the little church which accommodates only 190, while Father Elslander has been salting away the proceeds of his circuses and biding his time. Now, almost miraculously, the new church is there and ready for worship. The only regret the priest has is that it wasn't finished in time for

his circus friends, so many of whom are Catholic. But they are all out on the road, and won't see their finished church until they return in the fall.

Meanwhile Father Elslander and his

"church the circus built" are sorely beset with a problem: should the choir be furnished with an organ, or would it be more appropriate to install a calliope?



Deportment Department

Why do Catholics squeeze into the back seats at Mass? Why do they clutter the vestibule and leave all the front pews empty?

A Gospel story relates how two men go up to the temple to pray. One is a Pharisee; the other, a Publican. It may be remarked that it was not for public, but for private prayer. The Pharisee walks up to the front of the temple like a swaggering peacock. With his head high in the air, and with many fine gestures, he tells the Lord what a great guy he is, and he thanks the Lord that he is not like the rest of men, in particular, like the Publican whom he has seen upon entering. The Publican is way back, behind a pillar. All he does is strike his breast, saying, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The Gospel says the Publican went back to his home justified rather than the Pharisee. Why? Because he stayed in the rear of the temple to make his prayer? I don't think so. It was not the front or back of the temple that caused justification, but the difference between pride and humility of soul. So with Catholics today. It cannot be stated that those who take the front pews are bad Catholics (poor Sisters!) nor that those who take the back seats are good Catholics, nor vice versa. As far as I know, the Catholic Church is going to wait until the day of judgment for the separation of the sheep from the goats. But if you take the choicest seat at a football game, why not also in church? The choicest seat in church is in front.

Claude Mussell, O.M.C. in the *Apostolate of Our Lady* (May '41).

[Readers are invited to report instances of bad (or good) deportment.—Ed.]

How Honest Are You?

Have a look in this mirror

By JUDITH T. CHASE

Condensed from the *American Weekly**

Just because you are not behind bars it doesn't mean you're honest. Most of us try to get away with anything from white lies to whoppers. And while we may be kidding ourselves, we aren't always fooling other people. Instead, we may be causing them to avoid us like a plague.

If these antics sound familiar to you, check up on yourself and see how honest *you* are.

About the House

1. Do you change the labels in your clothes to impress your friends that your \$10 coat from a bargain basement cost \$100 at the Ritz Shoppe?

2. The following game tricks run in the best of families. Do you: 1) "Forget" a stroke here and there when you're telling about your golf game? 2) Call for 2 out of 3 when you lose a toss? 3) Peek at the dictionary when you're doing cross-word puzzles? 4) Say, "We won't play for money"; then, when you win, ask, "How much were we playing for?" 5) Let your gambling debts slip your mind? 6) Peek under the cards in solitaire?

3. Do you give your spouse presents which you want yourself and will soon annex?

4. When a charity drive asks for contributions do you lie that you've al-

ready made an enormous contribution?

5. Do you keep your watch set 15 minutes ahead to fool yourself into being on time?

6. Do you just ignore bills, pushing them into the back of the drawer, feeling that if they're out of sight they're as good as paid?

7. Do you accept all free book-club trial offers, getting the gist out of the story, and then return them?

8. When the dishes are nearly finished do you put in an appearance, pretending you thought they had just been started?

9. Do you keep borrowed books?

10. Do you read other people's mail with the lame excuse, "I opened it, thinking it was mine"?

11. When you're in the middle of a mystery story do you read the last chapter with "I knew it all the time"?

12. When there are unpleasant household chores to be done, do you postpone them by making other things seem more urgent?

In Front of Company

1. In boasting about your car, do you: 1) Add a few miles to the gallon? 2) Add a few mph to the speed? 3) Subtract a few years from its age?

2. Do you pretend you haven't a cent so no one will ask you for a loan?

*235 E. 45th St., New York City. April 20, 1941.

3. Do you pretend you've never seen a friend before, when he or she commits a *faux pas*?

4. When someone calls attention to an old hole in your stocking or a rip in your clothes do you pretend you're *so* surprised and it must have just happened?

5. When someone compliments your new clothes do you: 1) Say, "Oh this old thing"? 2) Pretend you hate it? 3) Start criticizing it? 4) Say, "But you should see my *good* clothes"?

6. Are you always bumming cigarettes with the excuse that you *just* ran out?

7. At the slightest controversy in a game, do you whip out your own self-made set of rules, to apply to the occasion?

8. Do you give sugary compliments when you're edging around for a loan?

9. Do you gossip about people when you're not sure of what you're saying, and have probably got it mixed up?

10. Do you hold your audience awestricken about the time you were At Death's Door, when all you did was have your tonsils snatched out?

11. Do you quote book reviews, pretending that you've read all the best sellers?

12. Do you talk as though you know every celebrity intimately?

13. As long as there are no sport facilities in sight do you entertain people by telling them of your athletic prowess?

14. Are you a bargain-bragger, lopping off half their price when you talk of your purchases?

15. Do you exaggerate the importance of your ancestors, claiming they: 1) Came over on the *Mayflower*? 2) Boasted crests and coronets? 3) Had \$1 million which somehow disappeared?

16. When you're asked to play the piano do you: 1) Say, "I really can't play," when everybody knows you can? 2) Say, "I could if you had the right music," when you can hardly play a note? 3) Slaughter a piece and excuse it with, "I wish I had *my* piano here"?

17. Do you take advantage of an opponent who "just can't keep the score" in a card game?

18. Do you brag about your capacity for liquor when it only takes two drinks to send you babbling through an interminable and incoherent autobiography?

19. Do you lose no opportunity to tell the world just what turn the war is going to take next, when as a matter of fact you'd be hard put to name the countries already gobbled up by Hitler and Stalin?

When You're Out

1. Do you lend your commuter's ticket around like a new detective story?

2. As an excuse to take a taxi do you convince yourself that: 1) You're in more of a hurry than you really are? 2) It's going to pour any minute?

3) Your shoes hurt? 4) The bus won't be along for hours?

3. When the conductor forgets to collect your fare do you "forget" to give it to him?

4. Do you walk past solicitors, creditors, beggars in the street pretending not to see them?

5. When you smash *objets d'art* in other people's houses, do you secrete the pieces under the sofa, hoping no one will be the wiser?

6. Just because you spot a bargain do you convince yourself that you really need it?

7. When you get too much change do you pocket it and ignore it?

8. Are you one of the reasons why hotels go broke, because you walk off with: 1) Knives and forks? 2) Napkins? 3) Towels? 4) Pens and pencils? 5) *Do Not Disturb* signs?

9. No matter how many times your glass is filled up do you still consider it "one cocktail"?

10. Do you try to weigh the whole family with one penny by keeping your foot on the scales?

11. When the hat-check girl turns to get your hat do you toss a nickel into the plate, hoping it will sound like a quarter?

12. Are you reluctant about breaking a \$10 bill, yet lavish about spending smaller ones?

For Women Only

1. Do you have dresses sent home on approval, wear them, then pack

them up and return them the next day?

2. Do you cheat yourself on your diet by saying: 1) "This isn't *really* candy"? 2) "Buttered toast isn't the same as putting it on myself"? 3) I've *got* to eat what's put in front of me; I can't be *rude*? 4) "One big meal won't hurt—I'll starve tomorrow and make up for it"?

3. Do you insist that you wear a size 14 dress when to do so you have to let out the seams and practically make up for it?

4. In housekeeping do you: 1) Brush dust under the sofa and nonchalantly ignore it? 2) Spend half the morning on the phone and listening to the radio, then complain that your work took so long? 3) Leave the undersheets in the bed all mussed up and cover them neatly with the spread?

5. When you can't make up your mind about purchases in a store do you have them all sent COD; then refuse to accept the ones you don't want, claiming there must have been some mistake?

6. When you've been waiting five minutes at a counter do you raise the roof and claim you've been there 20?

7. Do you mentally "spend" all the money you've won in a contest—even before the contest is over?

8. Do you: 1) Lie about your age? 2) Intimate your permanent wave is natural? 3) Claim you made your dress, when all you did was take up the hem?

9. Do you give up smoking, then have an occasional cigarette which "doesn't count"?

10. When everything else fails, do you feign illness to get your way?

11. Do you build up catastrophes in your mind out of minor incidents?

For Men Only

1. Do you turn your expense account into a swindle sheet by: 1) Staying at a cheap hotel and chalking up Ritz prices? 2) Charging up a taxi fare when you walked? 3) Listing a "business luncheon" when only two words were about business? 4) Adding an item for "entertainment" when the entertainment was a blonde?

2. Do you say you know the senator well when actually you know a man who knew a man who spoke to him once?

3. Do you exaggerate your youthful career as a Don Juan, when actually the girls fled with a "psst, here comes John Smith"?

4. At a ball game do you boast, "You should have seen how I could wallop homers, when I was younger," when you've played only a few times in your life?

5. Do you run up long-distance calls at the office and charge them off to business?

6. Do you walk home with the company's: 1) Pencils? 2) Letter paper? 3) Stamps?

7. Do you think of your salary in terms of your next raise and promptly splurge your savings?

8. Do you slyly glance at: 1) Your co-workers' pay checks? 2) Correspondence on the boss' desk? 3) Confidential notes? 4) Your friend's bills?

9. Do you claim you know such-and-such a town very well, when you've only gone through there once on the night train?

10. Do you pretend you have indigestion when everyone can tell it's a first-class hang-over?



A saint who had been presented to one of the Borgia popes fell at his feet in an ecstasy because he was the Vicar of Christ, and then rose to her feet and denounced him for his crimes. She drew the correct feudal distinction between the man and his office. A feudalist might be defined as a man who respects the office in spite of the man, and a snob as a man who respects the man because of his office. The feudalist may believe in the value of a peerage; the snob would prefer to dine with a bore who was a peer rather than with an interesting man who was a commoner.

From *Come What May* by Arnold Lunn (Little, Brown, 1941).

My Uncle Tom

By RICHARD DRISCOLL

Condensed from the *Rosary**

I met my Uncle Tom the other day when I went home for the Baptism of my sister's new baby. He hadn't changed much in three years although his legs seemed a little thinner.

He was sitting alone in the front room listening to a radio serial called *Sarah Guggenpike, Girl Gangster of Cedarhurst Hill* and he had become so absorbed with her adventures that he didn't notice me. I didn't want to disturb him because of the association of ideas. The last time I had seen him, I had held him up for \$15 for Spanish relief. He found out later where the money went. So he listened to *Sarah Guggenpike* and I sat there wondering what made his legs so thin.

Sarah had gotten into a pretty bad scrape. It looked as though the police had caught up with her. And then the announcer put a stop to it. We could learn tomorrow what happened to her. He continued in his pleasant voice, "Just a reminder about how easy it is to keep clean. The first line of defense of our democracy today rests upon the nation keeping itself. . . ."

"Bah!" said my uncle. He noticed me for the first time. "Doesn't that get you?" he said a little vexed.

"It certainly does," I said. "Hello, Uncle."

"Hello," he said. "Isn't it getting to be a fright? Read the paper, listen to the radio, walk uptown, you can't even open your eyes without being sold some scheme that is absolutely vital for saving democracy. I'm getting tired of it!"

"You mean you don't want to save it anymore?" I asked with questioning eyebrows. It was just to draw him out.

"I want to save it as much as the greatest speechmaker in the country," he said, waving his arm impatiently. "But you can't tell me it's so simple that all you have to do is to buy a suit woven in an English mill. I won't believe it."

"I don't myself. How do you feel about the war, Uncle?"

"I've got some ideas of my own and I didn't get them out of the newspapers." He leaned back, eyed me squarely, drew in enough air to remain under water for quite some time, and let it out gradually.

"I'm for all-out aid to Britain. I don't see how we can afford not to help her. She's really fighting for us. If she goes down, we go down. Suppose England loses? Do you suppose we could make any kind of sense out of Hitler? There are two kinds of people you can't reason with, crazy and

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. April, 1941.

prejudiced. I think Hitler is prejudiced."

"You couldn't talk Turkey to him, I'll admit. But do you think we're saving England or the British Empire?"

"That's right. Anybody can see it's the empire, and who wants to save that? I was reading the other day how England never fights a war alone. She's always pitting one-half of the world against the other because she never has an army big enough to hold the empire together herself. I don't believe this country should suffer all the terrible hardships of war just to save the empire. That British setup of owning one-fifth of the world is not democracy and, in my opinion, it ought to go the way of all empires."

"But I thought you said you were for all-out aid to Britain?"

"I believe in all aid short of war," he said, coining a phrase.

"Defend America by aiding the Allies," I said, meaning to enlarge on his statement.

"No sir, not that, not that." His voice trembled. "All aid short of war, yes, but how far is short? When you mobilize the whole country in peacetime to make it an arsenal for England in wartime, you aren't short of war. You're in the war." He was so emphatic I was afraid to do anything but nod my head. I could have saved the nod because he plunged right on.

"I wouldn't sacrifice the life of a single American boy for all the ideologies

of Europe, Asia and Africa put together. They've been fighting since history began and I suppose they always will. Why don't they take a tip from us and live peacefully? We got fooled in the last war and once is enough."

I had an idea here and as he paused for breath, I thought I'd try slipping it in edgewise. "But look, Uncle, do you think it's right for us to be selling them guns and planes and making money while they use them to kill each other?"

"Sell!" he roared. "Sell! Did you ever see anything so unfair? Our role in this crisis of civilization is nothing more than playing selfish old Uncle Shylock. When the brave Britons are risking their lives every day and every hour in the air, on the sea and in trams run by women, I say give! Give them guns! Give them the fleet! Give them our plasma, first in tubes, and then in boys—strong American boys as comrades to help them roll back this totalitarianism that threatens to take away everything we hold sacred!"

"Being used to life in this country makes it pretty hard to look favorably on totalitarianism," I said.

"You're right. We've got to guard against it. I say that our greatest danger lies from within. With all the fifth columnists in this country, we need to sit tight and hold on to what we have. It wouldn't take much for one of those imitation Führers we have

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ranting on the radio to raise a big following. Look what he could do then. Seize the country! I tell you, people don't reason things out. They believe every single thing they read in the papers."

I figured it was time to ask for another beer, but my uncle wouldn't even stop for a smoke. He was looking straight through me and I began to feel as though I were guilty of something. I wondered if he had suddenly remembered the \$15.

So I said quickly, "Do you think anything good will come out of this war, Uncle?" He shook his trousers a little lower on his thin legs and thought for a minute.

"Yes, I do," he said. "I think this war in England will bring a tremendous change for the better—in the short story. Too many authors in England have been standing still for the past decade. They've been turning out peaceful, dreamy things with trick endings. Their work is tasteless. But it seems to me this war will jolt them out of the rut, and I feel confident that after the war has left its mark, we can look forward to some good English best sellers."

Naturally this interested my uncle because he is a great reader, as you can see. I suspect that it is because of this lack of good short stories that he has taken to reading the daily papers and listening to the radio, although he doesn't like these two substitutions be-

cause they carry too much propaganda. He kept right on talking.

"The first thing I always ask about a place is, 'What kind of book-selling facilities do you have?' and then, 'What sort of courts do you have?' If people read books and are interested in justice, they're also interested in democracy."

I was getting tired and I started wondering what time the family would arrive for dinner. As I was thinking about it, I kept my uncle rolling. "Well, we read a lot here in America. And we have good courts."

"Yes," he growled. "But we haven't got democracy. That man Roosevelt is a dictator. He gets anything he wants. Why he's got more power now in peacetime than Churchill has in wartime. He wanted conscription, so it was put through. He wanted the Lend-lease bill, so it was put through. The people are just given a lot of clever propaganda about anything he wants and they find themselves thinking they want it too."

"There's propaganda in everything today."

"You're right, there is. Do you know what the government wants to do? It wants to set up a sort of morale department with one of the cleverest publicity men in the country at the head of it. The idea is to censor all news through this department so that the right words will be selected when the public is given news. Where's

freedom of the press if that goes through?"

"The press is still free enough to say that Big Bill Lee can't understand why the Chicago Cubs cut his salary." I was getting sleepier.

"You're right, my boy. The American press has a lot to be thankful for. Where else in the world could you get the news so easily and as free from prejudice as you do in this country? Why, they tell me that Americans are more informed about what is going on in Europe than the people who live right in it."

His voice didn't change much and I could hear him going on and on, play-

ing his record on one side, and then the other, as I finally dozed off. I didn't know another thing until I heard a lot of happy voices. After a second I realized it was the family arriving for dinner. My uncle's chair was empty. Apparently he had gone to meet them. I jumped up to do the same thing and something slipped off my lap onto the floor. It was my wallet. It seemed odd that it should have been lying on my lap. I found out why when I opened it. I was out \$15.

I borrowed my return train fare from my brother. And my uncle, well, he's about the same except his legs are a little thinner.



The Wells of Pity

We can see our ruin today, not only in the fall of the birth rate, the statistics of suicide and divorce and the increase in juvenile crime, but perhaps most of all in the figures of injury and mortality on our roads, figures so shocking that if we read of them in any other age we should refuse to believe them.

The annual total killed and injured in the U. S. is about a million a year, more than our annual casualties at the height of the Great War. Our own [England's] annual total exceeds a quarter of a million, ten times the total casualties of the three years of the Boer War.

Yet people still write cheerfully about our moral progress because we no longer hang people for sheepstealing. Property was once worth a life. Today life is worth so much less than property that the penalty for killing a man on the roads is unfailingly less than that which a starving man has to pay for robbing the till. It almost seems today as if the wells of pity have run dry. Little wonder that it is useless to plead for sympathy for the victims of persecution, brigandage and rapine in places like Spain, Mexico, Russia and China. We do not save ourselves. Why should we save others?

From Georgian Adventure by Douglas Jerrold (Scribner's: 1938).

A Parishioner Views the Parish

Catholic Action begins at home

By JOHN HARRIS

Condensed from the *Corpus Christi Chronicle**

Many Catholics have an attitude towards the Church as a power in world affairs that amounts to down-right superstition. They sit back and imagine the Holy Father leading a procession of cardinals against the world. Suddenly he pauses, raises his hand, utters some awe-inspiring liturgical formula, and then peace descends upon the world as armies lay their weapons at his feet. Our usual way of vocalizing this bit of wishful thinking is in the form of a complaint: "Why doesn't the Church do something practical about this mess the world is in?" The more highfalutin' among us will phrase the criticism more cautiously: "I think the Vatican's policy towards 'X' country is too vacillating to be effective."

The Catholics who are confused today about Catholicity in a world crisis have the same answer they had when there was only a depression to worry about. The answer is: "Catholicity gives one an opportunity to be a good Catholic parishioner." The word *parishioner* is perhaps the one surprise in the preceding statement. Its importance, however, lies in its being the key to an understanding of active Catholic life in the world today.

In Germany, before the National

Socialist Party came into full control, Catholics were very well organized and they seemed in a splendid position to help preserve Christ's peace on earth. Nation-wide groups such as the Catholic Youth movement, the Catholic Labor organization, and the Catholic Center party gave a strong Catholic color to the life of the nation. From birth until death a German Catholic might pass from the ranks of one Catholic society to another. Catholic reading circles, hiking clubs, and societies guided his social life. Catholic newspapers, periodicals, and books provided his daily reading. Every phase of his life was more or less under the sheltering wing of the Church. Yet all this was destroyed in a short time.

Only then did a glaring weakness in the scheme appear. Few of these activities had been organized on diocesan and parish lines. We might imagine a situation in the U. S. somewhat like this if we had several annual national charity drives and no local St. Vincent de Paul societies. In Germany the national societies were disbanded by governmental decrees and Catholics were left floundering. If Germans had been good Catholic parishioners instead of good Catholics at large, they might today have parish organizations that

*525 W. 121st St., New York City. March, 1941.

could not be disbanded by a pen stroke.

The parish is the architectural unit of strength in the structure of the Church, and it is only when Catholics are members of the Church in and through the parish, sharing in its activities, that the Church's organization functions. It is only as a member of the parish that a Catholic achieves his true function as part of the fundamental hierarchy of the Church: pope, bishop, pastor, parishioner. Catholic Action in the real sense of the phrase is a parish product, as well as a national movement.

Participation in the life of a parish means being in a state of sanctifying grace, so that the parishioner can share in the fruits of the never-ending Sacrifice of the Mass; and coming still closer to the full meaning of the Mass, through reception of the sacraments of Confirmation, Penance, Holy Eucharist, Matrimony and, finally, Extreme Unction. All Catholic Action grows from these roots. If this were not so we would have the strange contradiction of the life of the Church being fostered by the dead members of the mystical Body of Christ: those in mortal sin.

The parish as the essential unit of the Church bears a striking resemblance to the family, the essential structural unit of the state. The vital-

ity of the state depends on family conditions throughout the nation. The Church really lives through her parishes. The closer that Catholic activities cling to the door of the parish church the closer they are to their prime source of strength. A parish dance or card party may be as sure a means of gaining merit as work in the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

It is always well to remember that while Christ guaranteed that the Holy Ghost would be with the Church until the end of time, He did not guarantee that the Church would always be a large institution. If its world membership should dwindle to 1,000 and the bishop of Rome be in charge of this flock, the promise would still be kept.

The easiest way to test the strength of Catholicity in a country is to examine its parish life. It is like examining the framework and walls of a building; if these are strong, the building will stand. We do not have to worry about the foundations of the Church. Christ assured us of their strength, when He promised us that the Holy Ghost would guide the Church in interpreting the deposit of faith. All Catholics who today are worried about what Catholicity should mean to them will find a clear answer when they begin to achieve excellence as parishioners.



"Egotism is an anesthetic which kills the pains of stupidity."

Knut Rockne.

Now, Lookit Here, God

Pharisee at the front

By JEROME HALSTON LUDDER

Condensed from *Columbus**

Well, we're at it again. Yes, God, now we've gone and done it. Oh, You know what we mean. But honest, God, we don't mean to get into these wars. Somebody just grabs somebody else's potato patch, there's a brawl—and we're in. It gets to be an awful mess. And, God, You know nobody wins and everybody loses.

And, gosh, God, just when we were getting to feel how good life is. We were getting along swimmingly. Back there a long time ago we got through a mess of scarlet fever and had to teach a lot of Indians how to be good Americans. Somehow we got through a revolution because mother was so busy she didn't think much of the tea-party squabble. Then we had a family fight and fought to make the Negro free, free to choose being a slave or being hanged. But then, God, we were in knee pants and You just can't blame kids for fighting.

Then, God, I guess You know what happened when we really got to growing up. Just like big kids, we went out and shot off all our game, cut down and sold our forests, notched our gun handles over gold, barbedwired the free plains with spite fences, bought and sold everything from bad whisky to good votes.

And we suppose, God, You thought us pretty mysterious when we put You on our coins and out of our schools, when we filled our movies and emptied our churches, when we put Your chickens in every pot and Your cars in every garage, and then went and made an 11th commandment which was such a noble experiment. And, say, we'll bet You were surprised when we took all that cotton and plowed it under, when we dammed those rivers to feed land we had overworked into arid sand, and when we gave everybody a shovel to lean on and passed laws against that thing called "the sweat of your brow."

And we could see You loved us, God. Didn't You go and give us the best plumbing in the world? And wasn't it You who helped us get so rich, so stinking rich? The only trouble was we got so used to the smell that we did not find out how bad it really had become until we went abroad and saw everybody holding their noses with one hand and taking our traveler checks with the other.

But, say, God, You've just got to remember now how much we've done for You. Didn't we save this world of Yours for—now, what was it we saved it for? Democracy, wasn't it? And

*1 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N. Y. April, 1941.

we did it for You at a bargain price! Why, when it was all over and everybody was broken as well as broke, we just ran an American war sale. Didn't we go all over the world selling Standard Oil cans full of peace on earth to men of good will, and ready gold?

Maybe we did make a lot of enemies, God. But this time we're out to make friends. We've learned our lesson. Now it's going to be different. Fire-side chatter for the English, oatmeal for the French, admiration for the Belgians, insults for the Germans. Why, this time we're going to war to save civilization for You.

And just to show You we're sincere about all this, we're asking You to bless America. Incidentally, we've got billions in cold cash to fight for You. We can't let You down. You've been so good to us, so businesslike. And by the way, God, sometimes You might hear the voice of the people, but don't let that bother You. Nobody else is listening to them. And You see, God, we can't tell them everything. They just wouldn't understand like You.

God, bless America. And, God, come to think of it, now, You won't misunderstand, will You, if while we're fighting with Your blessing, we make an honest penny here and there?



They've Been Kidding Us!

It may now be presumed that Protestants approve the Catholic custom of venerating relics, since they themselves venerate them.

On a recent Sunday an 85-pound fragment of the Plymouth rock was carried solemnly in procession in Brooklyn from the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims to Plymouth church. It was what we may call a Protestant procession, undertaken in veneration of a relic, and a third-class one at that.

Accompanying this "15-inch-high piece of brown-streaked granite" were Governor Lehman, Madame the Secretary of Labor and other notables. The *Herald-Tribune* reports that "visitors to the church walked up to the stone and touched it with varying reaction!"

"Try it," said the minister of the congregation. "If your nerves are so dead that they do not thrill, consult at once some specialist!"

The Church World (21 Feb. '41).

Our Musical Beginnings in the Southwest

By ERNA BUCHEL KOEHLER

Condensed from the *Etude**

American musical histories stress the beginnings of music in New England, the Carolinas and New Orleans, but little is said of the pioneers in the Southwest. This territory was first Spanish, then Mexican, later Texan, and finally a part of the U. S. It was six years before the birth of Palestrina when Cortez, in 1519, entered Mexico. During the first century of Spanish possession the great art of Palestrina was in its ascendancy. It was over 165 years before Bach and Handel were born. Therefore, the musical development in the Southwest was very different from that which came after the two later masters had turned their attention to keyboard instruments.

There is scarcely another story so romantic as the daring and desperate conquest of Mexico by Cortez, a brilliant man filled with great religious zeal. Cortez in 1519 captured what is now Mexico City, Montezuma's 500-year-old capital. He sent at once to Spain for missionaries to take up the task he had begun. Three arrived in 1523, the first of many who for three centuries came to the vast new empire.

Soon monasteries dotted the rich, tropical valley of Mexico. Lured by fabulous tales of the Seven Cities of Cibola, of silver, jewels and gold, the

Spaniards, in "a perfect madness of wonder and curiosity" pressed on into "the great unknown North." By 1600 the Spanish frontier line had reached the Rio Grande and extended westward to the Pacific. Always beside the conquistadores marched the padres, establishing monasteries in the regions brought under Spanish rule.

Though intent upon Christianizing the Indians of Spain's New World empire, the Spanish Fathers brought not only religion into this vast borderland (today known as Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and California) but also education and the arts. They built noble temples to God, ornamented them with sculpture and grills of marvelously wrought iron, and with painted frescoes on the walls. They founded schools and, along with reading and writing, taught the natives music; to play upon the instruments they themselves had brought into the wilderness; to fashion primitive instruments and to play upon them. They trained young men and boys to sing, and in time they built pipe organs to accompany the voices.

The Spaniards were the pioneers of music in America. All culture did not come westward. The Southwest may rightly lay claim to the first music

*Theodore Presser Co., Philadelphia, Pa. January, 1941.

teachers, music schools and boy choirs in what is now the U. S.

During the 16th century, much of the best of European music came into this great new Spanish border region through Mexico City, where Fray Pedro de Gante, ten years prior to the Reformation, and before the youthful Palestrina so much as dreamed of his immortal *Masses*, had established a school of music.

In 1605, two years before Capt. John Smith settled his colony at Jamestown, Va., there were music teachers in Spain's new wilderness empire; in 1630, the year Boston was founded by English Puritans, music schools were established in what is now New Mexico; and as early as 1659, five years before England captured New Netherlands from the Dutch and changed its name to New York, a mission school flourished in El Paso, Texas.

Thus, there was music in Spain's New World empire for many years before Johann Sebastian Bach was born. Spanish songs were being sung during the lifetimes of Handel, Haydn and Mozart. In 1791, when Beethoven was a youth of 21, French opera was established in New Orleans, the first endeavor of its kind in the U. S. (*The Beggar's Opera* had been given in New York as early as 1750.) The Old San Antonio Road, called El Camino Real by the Spaniards, extending eastward from the Rio Grande across the vast expanse of South Texas and be-

yond, became, indeed, a royal road of culture between Mexico's ancient capital and New Orleans, the Paris of the New World.

Early in the 19th century, peoples from many lands, as well as American pioneers from the older states, came to settle in the fertile regions of the great Southwest: Germans, Bohemians, Italians, Scandinavians, English, Russians, and Poles, the airs of these peoples mingling with gay Mexican fandangos and the crooning of Negro slaves in the fields. Chanting cowboys many times rode 50 to 100 miles, to dance all night to the scraping of old fiddlers' tunes called *breakdowns*.

Distinct types of folk music were evolving in the Southwest at the same time that composers in Russia and in Spain were turning their attention to native themes. While Liszt and Brahms were making known to the world the rich, wild beauty of Hungarian music, and Dvorák was awakening his Bohemia to the loveliness of its folk melodies, Louis Moreau Gottschalk—the Southwest's greatest individual contributor to music during the 19th century—was writing down the fascinating but baffling rhythms of the songs of the creoles and Negroes of Louisiana, as well as dazzling three continents with his astounding piano virtuosity.

The next apostle of music in the Southwest, after Gottschalk, was Frank Valentin Van Der Stucken, Texas'

first native composer to attain international fame. He was educated in Europe and lived for the most part in foreign lands, and although he drew no inspiration for his compositions from his native state, this son of the Southwest pioneered in presenting American music in New York and in Europe.

The Southwest of the 20th century offers paradoxical musical gifts. Here the primitive music of the Indian is still heard, and the only traditional folk music extant in the U. S. is that sung in *Los Pastores*, performed each Christmastide in San Antonio, Texas, since earliest days. *Los Pastores* (*Shepherd's Play*), an original miracle play, wholly unlike any Spanish or Mexican drama in plot, was first given in the missions. This survival of medieval drama, a blending of Spanish, Indian, Aztec and Mexican elements, has been deemed wholly worthy of preservation and has in recent years been recorded for the archives of the Library of Congress.

Here, also, is seen the rise of a new school of composers whose music is definitely flavored as is no other music. It is said on good authority that "a folk's musical inheritance must be

fully absorbed before a creative spirit can manifest itself." It would seem that this is being rapidly accomplished.

Foremost among this group of excellent composers who speak in the idiom of the Southwest is David Guion, of Dallas, Texas. He is credited with having immortalized American folk music as Percy Grainger has the English folk music. He uses as thematic material Negro and cowboy melodies; it is from the illiterate or working classes that original music comes. His work "combines strong racial and local characteristics with formal and polyphonic subtleties of workmanship." Charles J. Finger, the well-known critic, avows, "He has done more to preserve American and Southwestern folk music than any other American composer."

David Guion writes: "The significant fact for us is that the Southwest is the very center of American native music. The Negro, the cowboy, the Indian, the pioneer are sources of our folk music, and we have them all as no other section has—certainly not the wealthy North and East. From these humble elements of our life our music is deriving its basic vitality and individuality."

Qualification of a Servant

From the Middle Ages down to the 17th century the ability to hold a part in a domestic choral song was rated as an indispensable quality in a new maid.

The Liguorian (April '41).

The New York Negro Plot

By ETHEL KING

Our hysterical foundations

Condensed from *Historical Records and Studies**

Ignorant Negroes, frenzied, fanatical whites, and a central figure, a man of mystery, John Ury, make up the characters in a tragic bit of New York history. Although Ury was hanged by the neck because he was believed to be a Catholic priest, it has never been verified that he was one.

In that year, 1741, a madness, as strange and evil and bitter as the Salem witchcraft delusion ever was, seized upon the city of New York, destroyed the peace of mind of all, wasted the material property of man, sacrificed innocent lives, and left a black smear of disgrace across the annals of the town. This devastating horror was known as the "Negro Plot."

The population of New York City at this time was estimated to be about 10,000 whites and 2,000 Negro slaves. Some historians put the figure for the white inhabitants at 12,000, but nearly all agree that the Negroes numbered between 2,000 and 2,400. Amounting to only one-fifth or one-sixth of the entire population, it would seem that the Negroes could not be an important nor a formidable element. But the truth is they were greatly feared.

Now and again, a bolder Negro would rebel against trying conditions. In 1707, two slaves, forbidden by their

master to go out on Sunday, killed him and his family. Within the week, the murderers were tortured and executed. In 1712, more trouble occurred with the Negroes, and several white people lost their lives. The reprisals were cruel, and the most stringent regulations were then adopted to keep the slaves in order.

The Negroes worried along under these offensive measures, and we do not hear of any further reprisals until 1741, the time of the so-called Negro plot, which is now considered to have been largely imaginary.

The trouble started with a robbery. On the night of Feb. 28, 1741, the house of Robert Hogg was plundered of money and valuables. Some Negro slaves who frequented a tavern, on Greenwich St. near Thames St., kept by a white man, John Hughson, were suspected. Hughson had a bound or indentured white servant, Mary Burton, who from description, seems to have been brazen and untrustworthy. She gave out the information that Hughson was a receiver of the stolen goods. Two Negro slaves, who had been arrested, charged with complicity in the robbery, denied their guilt but were imprisoned. Hughson, brought before the court, finally confessed that

*U. S. Catholic Historical Society, 346 Convent Ave., New York City. 1931.

some of the stolen goods were at his place, and then returned this booty.

On March 18, the first of a series of fires broke out, the first one in the governor's home, called His Majesty's House. A stiff breeze carried the flames to the near-by buildings, among them the chapel, and considerable damage was done. After an investigation, it was conceded that the conflagration was started by sparks from the charcoal fire of a careless plumber working on a gutter between the chapel and the house. No thought of incendiarism had then entered the public mind. But later when several more blazes broke out one after another through the town, although most of these were proved to have originated in negligence, fear crept over the people, and a whisper grew louder and louder that the slaves were trying to burn New York.

George Clarke, a member of the Assembly who was acting as lieutenant governor at the time, issued a proclamation, offering a reward for information. This led to all kinds of accusations. Slaves were arrested and thrown into jail, and Mary Burton, Hughson's indentured servant, came forward with an astonishing tale of a Negro plot. She told of the conspirators holding meetings at Hughson's place. They aimed, she said, to burn the city, kill the whites, and set up a government of their own. She also vowed at this point that no whites were concerned

in the plot but Hughson, his wife Sarah, and one Peggy Kerry (Carey), who frequented Hughson's tavern.

Mary Burton's story sent the terrified citizens into a panic. The prison filled with unfortunate Negroes. They were urged to confess and, after the mockery of a trial, some were burned, some hanged. To escape this fate, several "confessed," and told weird stories of a "plot," implicating others to save themselves. Many of these "confessions" were later recanted, often too late. None of the Negroes had counsel; no lawyer dared represent them.

People began to believe the city doomed, and, gathering up their possessions, fled. Business was paralyzed. Foreign difficulties complicated matters, with England and Spain at war. A boatload of Spanish Negroes from the West Indies, captured by the English, were brought into New York harbor and sold as slaves.

Gradually the rumor spread that these dissatisfied Spanish Negroes had put the other slaves up to the nefarious plot. They were jailed, although they denied their guilt. One of them, Juan de la Silva, was hanged. The rest were transported to the Spanish West Indies. Juan, neatly garbed in white, praying in Spanish, pressing a crucifix to his lips, went calmly to his death. His piety made a deep, if momentary, impression on the spectators.

In the Dutch colonial days, Catholics encountered no intolerance in

New York; but later, under English rule, laws enacted against them were aimed chiefly at the missionaries (mostly French) among the Iroquois Indians. From 1700, a law on the books provided the penalty of hanging for any Catholic priest found in the province.

There were very few Catholics there then, and none dared openly profess or practice his faith. About this time Governor Oglethorpe of Georgia sent North a letter that intensified the situation in New York:

"Some intelligence I had of a villainous design of a very extraordinary nature, if true, very important, viz., that the Spaniards have employed emissaries to burn all the magazines and considerable towns in the English North America, thereby to prevent the subsisting of the great expedition and fleet in the West Indies, and that for this purpose, many priests were employed, who pretended to be physicians, dancing-masters, and other such kinds of occupations; and under that pretense to get admittance and confidence in families."

After this letter became known in the city, what schoolteacher or doctor could escape suspicion? A certain John Ury, or Jury, a mild and unobtrusive little man who had taught school in New Jersey, and had come to New York to teach, was alleged to be a Catholic priest and was summoned before the court.

Upon being confronted by him,

Mary Burton vowed that he had been the chief perpetrator of the Negro plot, although she had previously sworn that no whites were involved other than her master, John Hughson, his wife and Peggy Kerry.

In vain John Ury protested his innocence. He had no counsel. Some witnesses testified to his excellent character and even expressed belief that he was not a Catholic priest, but others swore against him. The jury was out only a short time until it brought in a verdict of guilty. On Aug. 29, 1741, he was hanged.

With John Ury, other whites were arrested. The jail became so crowded that the prisoners had to be disposed of. Some of the Negroes were hanged, some pardoned, many transported. Mary Burton still fabricated accusations, but when she began to attack the reputations of influential people, she overreached herself. Eventually, no heed was paid to her ravings. She was given the \$500 reward promised for informing, and ordered to leave the city.

The remaining prisoners were released and the whole affair came to be looked upon as nothing but a horrible scare with no foundation of fact to warrant it. Nevertheless, in the vicinity of what is now Five Points, 14 Negroes were burned at the stake, 18 were hanged, 50 were transported, 20 or more whites were imprisoned, and four of these whites, Hughson, his wife

Sarah, Peggy Kerry, and John Ury were hanged. All the victims, colored and white, are now believed to have been innocent. It seems utterly improbable that there ever was a "plot." The Negroes had behaved themselves well during the panic, helping to put out the fires when they occurred. Whether John Ury was a priest or not is now hardly a question, though he

was condemned principally because people thought he was one.

Shame and remorse must have shaken the city, for a kindlier spirit came upon the drooping town and revived it. The Negro trade began to fall off little by little. The slaves still left in the city were treated more mercifully. Only the nightmare memories remained.



In A Modern Manner

"Our belief in heaven," the clergyman went on, "is not qualified by our disbelief in the old medieval hell. We believe," he said, glancing swiftly along the smooth polished slipway towards the New Art doors through which the coffin would be launched into the flames, "we believe that this our brother is already at one with the One." He stamped his words, like little pats of butter, with his personal mark. "He has attained unity. We do not know what that One is with whom (or with which) he is now at one. We do not retain the old medieval beliefs in glassy seas and golden crowns. Truth is beauty and there is more beauty for us, a truth-loving generation, in the certainty that our brother is at this moment reabsorbed in the universal spirit." He touched a little buzzer, the New Art doors opened, the flames flapped, and the coffin slid smoothly down into the fiery sea. The doors closed, the nurse rose and made for the door, the clergyman smiled gently from behind the slipway, like a conjurer who has produced his 940th rabbit without a hitch.

It was all over. Ida squeezed out with difficulty a last tear into a handkerchief scented with Californian Poppy. She liked a funeral—but it was with horror, as other people like a ghost story.

She came out of the crematorium, and there from the twin towers above her head fumed the very last of Fred, a thin stream of gray smoke from the ovens. Fred dropped in indistinguishable gray ash on the pink blossoms: he became part of the smoke nuisance over London, and Ida wept.

From Brighton Rock by Graham Greene (Viking: 1938).

Accent on Men

By ROBERT A. SENSER

Both grave and acute

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger**

You know him. Usually he's far from a mental wizard. He'd much rather spend a whole day with a hammer and saw than an hour with a book.

Boys of this kind get a helping hand at a trade school in central Illinois run by a group of hard-working Franciscan Brothers. The St. James Trade School has proved that unpromising boys, if given a break, can become very promising young Americans.

They come to St. James as underprivileged boys, from 14 to 16 years old. They leave four years later as butchers, bakers or cabinetmakers; skilled tradesmen graduated from one of St. James' eight broad industrial courses. Industry snaps up each one of them, sometimes even before they finish their full training.

The Brothers teach their students by letting them *do*. Even as young lads they bake bread, butcher hogs, repair shoes, overhaul cars, build engines, and perform many other tasks. The services and goods thus produced are marketed to local Catholic institutions. These sales pay the cost of keeping St. James in operation, for only five of the 55 boys enrolled at present pay the full \$15-a-month tuition fee, and 30 pay none at all.

All the boys get the same vocational and recreational advantages. They have a lot of room for fun in the fresh air, an area equal to 100 city blocks, half farmland, half woods. During winter a pond accommodates skaters and during summer the winding Sangamon River, which borders the property, takes care of swimmers. The greenest, smoothest gridiron in that part of the state is the pride of the 23 lads on the football squad. Coached by a former De Paul University (Chicago) football star, Frank Hartman, it is the fightingest team for miles around.

Variety of workshops enables any boy to choose a trade to his liking from eight major industrial courses; 1) baking (bread and pastry); 2) butchering and sausage making; 3) automobile mechanics (with a little electricity); 4) carpentering and cabinetmaking; 5) blacksmithing (wrought-iron work and welding); 6) machine making and repairing; 7) shoemaking and repairing; 8) tailoring.

The bakery shop has the biggest enrollment of all departments, 11 boys. For these and the rest of the gang the bakery helps a lot to make St. James a real home.

Boss of the bakery, dressed in white pants, apron and cap, is jolly Brother

*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. March, 1941.

Juniper. In 1930, when St. James Trade School first opened, Brother Juniper worked two weeks cleaning a secondhand oven and building a foundation for it, thus saving the Brothers \$9,000.

Next door to the bakery, and as indispensable, is the butcher shop. Here every week six cows and nine pigs are turned into roasts, steaks, pork chops and liverwurst. Production of 500 to 1,000 pounds of sausage every week indicates that the butchers are really butchering.

Under the guidance of Brother Hil-dolphe, as expert a butcher as ever wielded a cleaver, nine boys are taking the course. Newcomers usually start off with sausage making, which isn't simple, but involves a process of grinding, chopping, spicing, mixing, stuffing, hanging, coloring, smoking and tying. They are then promoted to the class on killing, scalding, scraping, skinning, and splitting animals.

Over in the auto mechanics shop they take apart cars instead of cows and hogs, but Brother Banthus and an employed skilled mechanic teach their nine boys how to put the cars together again. They keep in repair St. James' three trucks, bus, and house car, and the trucks and cars of St. John's Sanitarium as well. Outside business amounts to three or four minor jobs a day and about two engine overhaul jobs a week. In icy weather the boys pull cars out of ditches, with

sometimes as many as 15 jobs a day.

Brother Banthus is also an electrician, so the lads in the garage are picking up a knowledge of electricity on the side. They tinker with old radios and have built one of their own.

Brother Rembert's ten carpenters are important people around the school, because the call goes out for them whenever improvements are to be made. On their latest and toughest assignment, the new gym, they turned out some of their slickest work. Routine carpenter jobs range from door-stops to big cabinets, and they've established quite a reputation for themselves locally with their excellent craftsmanship on Christmas cribs.

In the blacksmith and machine shops labor the fellows who'll be important cogs in industry in a decade or so. The eight ironworkers do miraculous things with metal. Give them a few ice-machine coils, and presto! you have a first-class gate. A side line is building and raising flagpoles. Brother Kolonat, who opened the machine shop in 1938 when he came from Germany, is confident that many of his lads have a big future awaiting them as tool and diemakers.

The tailor and shoe shops picture the wide berth which the American boy is giving these two trades. With facilities for more, each of these shops has but two boys.

Work has always been an important word with the Congregation of Fran-

ciscan Brothers. This Order was established in Germany by two tradesmen in 1862 to teach trades to underprivileged boys; but after 1870, when the state took over education, it had to enter the nursing field. In the early summer of 1928 twelve of the German Brothers came to Springfield, Ill., to run the farm and dairy of St. John's Sanitarium. Here in America they hoped to realize their dream of returning to the original work of their Order. It was a long road to their goal. As a start, the Brothers carefully wrecked three old houses donated by Bishop James A. Griffin of Springfield, and hauled the salvage to the farm five miles northeast of Springfield. They put up their first two-story building with the secondhand lumber. For a concrete mixer they used an old dough mixer. They got their hot water from a large tank which Brother Juniper built into his bakery oven.

After two hard winters, St. James Trade School swung open the doors of two shops in the summer of 1930 to 12 boys: seven bakers and five butchers. The shops weren't anything to brag about, just an old hog barn which the Brothers had remodeled and enlarged.

In ten years the enrollment has grown from 12 to 55, and more than 100 others have profited by the Brothers' training. Every year the school must turn away dozens of lads, not only because of limited facilities, but

also because there are not enough Brothers. Up to 1938 they could send to Germany for more help, but now the 19 of them must get along as well as they can, hoping to get vocations from the U. S.

Six buildings comprise the school today. The eight shops fill three of them without too much bulging. The Boys' House, sheltering the boys' dormitory, classrooms, dining room, and recreation hall, was built in 1935. The latest building of the group is the new \$45,000 gymnasium.

Soon after the Brothers and boys started digging the foundation for the gym in 1938, everything seemed to go wrong. Hoped-for donations weren't forthcoming. Two open-air dinners for the gym fund were rained out. And so it went.

But finally things took a turn for the better. Springfield newspapers and radio stations called the public's attention to the work St. James was doing. Distinguished Springfield Protestants, Jews and Catholics banded together to see that the need was supplied. Then followed a two-day rodeo, a circus, football banquets, and other benefits. Guests included notables like Grover Alexander, one of the greatest pitchers of all time, Wilbur Shaw, Indianapolis auto-race champion, the orchestra leader, Lawrence Welk, and the late Henry Horner, governor of Illinois.

So the big structure went up. The Brothers and boys did a lot of car-

penter work and helped the union workers who were hired or donated their services. The steelworkers contributed their labor.

The day at St. James starts early. At six the boys assemble in the yard to salute the flag and to exercise for 15 minutes. The shops (open all year) are in session in the morning, and six academic classes (following the usual September to June schedule) are held in the afternoon. Nine o'clock means "lights out" for all students except the seniors.

In the early 30's, a tall, husky Polish lad did much to make life jolly at St. James. A bashful orphan boy when he entered, he became an expert in baseball, football and, especially, in

baking. Away for a while, he got so homesick for St. James that he quit his job and returned as first assistant cook, became head chef. Last summer Leo Wysocki was having fun diving from the top boards. Just after he dived from one of them, a boy suddenly sprang from the lower board. Leo twisted his body vainly to avoid a collision. They struck in midair. The boy wasn't hurt, but Leo died, his neck broken.

To the Brothers and boys, Leo's is the greatest of success stories, because he was an expert baker, *plus* something else. The hard-working Franciscan Brothers pay much attention to the first syllable of *tradesmen*, but to the second they give even more.



McNabb Nabbed

A Protestant woman said gleefully to a Catholic neighbor, "Yesterday they got Father McNabb into a corner!"

"How?" asked the Catholic.

"They pushed and pushed him till he had to say that the pope is infallible only in faith and morals."

Vincent McNabb, O.P. in the *London Catholic Herald* (4 April '41).



Bark of Despair

One Sunday when I was speaking on Parliament Hill an atheist from the audience turned sharply on a woman who was persistently interrupting me. After a heated wrangle, I heard the atheist say to the woman, sneeringly, "I wonder what sort of religion you have anyhow."

Then the woman barked out, "What sort of religion I have? I don't know; the label's come off."

Vincent McNabb, O.P. in the *London Catholic Herald* (4 April '41).

Soviet Rule in Poland

By G. M. GODDEN

Great-souled democracy at work

Condensed from the *Irish Rosary**

Eastern Poland, an area occupied by 9 million Catholic Poles, has now endured 20 months of Soviet rule. Other nations should realize what this Soviet rule has meant.

In the first month of 1940 came news of the martyrdom of a number of Polish students. The Soviet officials had organized an anti-religious mass meeting and cinema show. Polish students were compelled to attend. As soon as the "godless" films appeared on the screen the Polish students intoned the militant hymn of Polish Catholic Action: *The Lord is Our Shield*. Sixty youths suffered, some by death, some by imprisonment, for this confession of faith.

By the end of the month the Soviet League of the Godless had drawn up a full program for Poland, and had allotted a grant of 3 million rubles for the godless propaganda in the country. The program included: 1) All churches and ecclesiastical establishments to be closed. 2) All priests and others attached to the churches to give up religious practices. 3) All church property to be confiscated. 4) Branches of the League of the Godless to be established throughout Eastern (Soviet-annexed) Poland. 5) An atheist journal, the official organ of the League

of the Godless, to be published in the Polish language, for distribution among the Polish population. 6) Soviet wireless stations in eastern Poland to include in their programs appropriate atheist propaganda in the Polish language.

Swiss correspondents reported in January that the activities of the Godless League were spreading rapidly in Soviet-annexed Poland. In many villages leaflets were distributed promising to any who joined the league an ample supply of food.

The notorious president of the Soviet League of the Godless, E. Jaroslavsky, made a tour through Eastern Poland and declared that Poland had been completely "purged" of clergy, and that 3,679 priests had been deported to Siberia. All Polish schools were to be reorganized in accordance with atheist principles; and law courts were instructed that the practice of the Christian religion was to be considered a valid ground for divorce. Those bishops who had not been arrested were kept under strict observation of the Soviet secret police, the infamous OGPU. Many of the clergy were executed, including the Orthodox Bishop Alexander of Pinsk.

As spring advanced, ill treatment of

**St. Saviour's, Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. March, 1941.*

the clergy increased daily. Churches were converted into cinemas, stables, military canteens and prisons; many priests of all rites were under arrest; deportations to the interior of the Soviet Union continued unabated; restrictions on public worship were increasing; and godless propaganda was carried on with growing intensity with funds from Moscow. The Vatican radio stated on March 12 that under the Soviets in the Polish Ukraine the "schools and institutions of 400 Catholic societies had been closed and the nuns driven from their convents. In one Ukrainian village the inhabitants watched aghast while hundreds of nuns were made to walk with uplifted hands over a distance of several miles; one of the nuns died from exposure."

In April loud-speakers were constantly emitting atheist addresses in all the market squares in Polish cities and towns; and Polish parents were keeping their children home from school so as not to expose them to atheist indoctrination. Special commissars have been appointed for Polish schools for the teaching of atheism; and a report issued in the autumn notes with what fiendish energy such teaching is carried on. The autumn and winter reports describe, also, the gallant fight for their faith being put up by the Polish school children. "In one village in southeastern Poland," states the *Polish Fortnightly Review*, "there was an incident which is characteristic of

the general attitude. The children did not want to use school books which contained a poem deriding God. They were finally persuaded to give way and to accept the books, but they tore out the pages which gave offense. Before beginning lessons the children in many schools hang up a cross and say a prayer, then take the cross down. The teachers go out of the room while this is occurring, to be free of responsibility."

A summary of conditions in Poland issued a year after the invasion states that, under the Soviet occupation, all Church property had been confiscated, and the priests were forced to beg for a livelihood in a countryside which was already starving. Crushing taxes were imposed on churches; when the priests could not pay, the property was at once seized. These Poles who go to church, and all churches that remain open are crowded, are branded publicly by the local Soviet authorities as "enemies of the people."

The Soviet rulers of Poland have tried their utmost to rob the people of their faith and have failed. The Soviets have, however, achieved success in their wholesale robbery of the possessions of the Poles. Even the private property of small traders and artisans was appropriated. The OGPU has confiscated private possessions so thoroughly that "no one is left with more than one suit of clothes." All the furniture from the head offices of

several banking houses was removed to Russia; the machinery of power stations was also sent, together with textiles, hides, wood, sugar, tobacco, alcohol, agricultural implements, machinery, locomotives, horses and coal. Entire factories were carried away. Scientific installations and even the contents of museums were removed. Banks were confiscated, as were private shops and wholesale establishments, with the result that long queues of shoppers soon appeared outside every open shop. By April the shops were empty, and even matches were unobtainable. Medical supplies were also disastrously short. And wages were reported to be below starvation level.

The Soviet administrators carried out a comprehensive system of terror by means of arrests, executions and terrible deportations enforced with a callous disregard of human suffering. In January arrests continued and over 800 students of Lwów University were in prison. At the close of the month reports were received of mass arrests of the Polish educated classes throughout southeastern Poland, with the comment, "Terror is spreading." The number of daily arrests was as high as 200. In February the prisons were filled to three times their capacity. In March a new wave of terror swept over the Poles, coincident with wholesale arrests by the OGPU. During the night of April 11-12, Soviet agents raided the county of Lwów; some

15,000 were arrested and imprisoned. Torture was employed in the Brygidki prison. Prisoners were crowded into small, dirty cells, given starvation rations and treated inhumanly by the guards.

By January nearly 100,000 Poles, belonging to all social classes, had been deported to Russia. Women and children were turned out of their homes, usually during the night, without any warm clothes, and put into unheated cattle trucks for deportation. One such transport, crowded with women and children, traveling from Przemyśl, had to wait many hours at various stations in a temperature of 50° below zero, Fahrenheit. The passengers, locked up in their trucks, begged the guards for food and tea. The crying of the children and the laments of the women became weaker, till finally when the train arrived at Lwów there was dead silence. When the Soviet officials unlocked the doors they found the frozen bodies of hundreds of women and children.

Early in the year all Polish government officials had been sent to the interior of Russia, and no further information could be obtained as to their whereabouts. To induce the Poles to "depart voluntarily" to Russia the Soviets applied a simple method: unemployed Poles were denied work in their own districts, but were given the offer of work in Russia with an advance on their future wages. The un-

fortunate Poles were thus faced with the alternative of either dying of starvation or going to Russia. The Polish workmen were generally deported to the Dombas area; some 25,000 Poles were in the region of the river Don by the middle of February. Up to March 1 about 200,000 persons were deported from Soviet-occupied Poland into Russia. Six weeks later it was stated that the mass deportations of Poles from the Soviet-annexed areas continued. During the night of March 8-9 no fewer than 100 trains left the

counties of Woynia and Lwów, carrying Polish and Ukrainian peasants. Each train was made up of unheated freight trucks carrying 40 men each; the transports were directed towards the Dombas, cotton plantations in Turkestan, and Archangel. The inhuman conditions of these deportations caused thousands of deaths. In this same spring of 1940, the Soviet government refused the American Red Cross permission to organize relief for the Polish and Ukrainian population under Soviet rule.



Eden of Louisiana

Visitors to the Evangeline country of the southern Gulf coast quickly appreciate why exiles from Acadia, worn with years of wandering, named it the "Eden of Louisiana." It is a lovely country of rich alluvial soils, mighty moss-draped oaks, and winding, hyacinth-covered streams.

Here, along placid Bayou Teche, many groups of Acadians settled some ten years after their expulsion from Nova Scotia, in 1755. Eventually there came to live among them the woman we know as Evangeline, whose hapless love story is familiar to generations of school children.

An Evangeline really lived, although the poetic account of her adventures often departs from fact. The maiden, Emmeline Labiche by name, seeking her lover through the Acadian settlements, came finally to St. Martinville. There she found him, but already happily married to another. She stayed in the Teche country. But, the Acadians tell, she became at last a pathetic figure wandering aimlessly along the bayou, decking her hair with garlands of hyacinth.

Her grave, beside St. Martin's church, and marked by a life-sized statue in bronze, has become a shrine where many tourists every year pause to pay homage to her memory as immortalized by Longfellow.

Buick Magazine (Feb. '41).

Our Lady's Bell

By W. LEO MURPHY

Bells don't change, or people

Condensed from the *Eikon**

Acadia, or Acadie, a district in what is now Nova Scotia and eastern New Brunswick, colonized by France, was a bone of contention in the wars between France and England. It became English under the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. In 1755 the inhabitants, numbering about 3,000, were deported by the English, who suspected their loyalty. This deportation is the theme of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The Acadians were distributed among the English colonies. One party made its way to Bayou Teche, La. After the peace of 1763, about 800 returned to New Brunswick.

The history of the deportation of this innocent people contains more poetic dramas than Longfellow was able to put into his poem. Of these the story of our Lady's bell is one of the most interesting.

In the autumn of 1755, news of the impending deportation from Grand Pré was brought by friendly Indians to Port Royal, the capital of Acadia. Consternation reigned among the people in the settlements beside the Vieux Bassin.

"The English soldiers are on the way!" cried the Micmacs. "They are coming over the trails and by ships. They will be here in a few days!"

Panic seized the peasants. Only too well did they realize that a fate similar to that meted out to the *habitants* at Grand Pré awaited them.

Just across the river from Port Royal stood a thriving settlement called Doucette's Point. It had its own church, Notre Dame, and the curé who was in charge had lived there nearly 50 years. Over 80 now, he was heartbroken when he learned of the impending tragedy.

"There is little we can do," he said to his flock. "Even though the Indians should help us, we could never hope to defeat the English soldiers. To hide in the woods would mean that we should never again dare show ourselves in public lest we be apprehended and put to death. It is necessary that we resign ourselves to our fate. Let us submit peacefully. Then perhaps our families will not be separated as they were at Grand Pré."

Preparations were begun at once to execute his plans. Cattle were driven from their pastures and given to the Micmacs, household goods were packed into boxes, personal belongings were made ready for the impending exile. At night scouts kept guard. Native runners reported the soldiers' progress through the woods. When the latter

*1355 Basin St., Montreal, Que., Canada. April, 1941.

were within a day's march of the village, the priest assembled his people in the church for Mass.

"This is the last time we shall gather here," he said sadly. "This is truly His Last Supper. You will all receive His Body and Blood this morning. Afterwards we shall burn the building to the ground. Not a stick of it must remain standing. Not a remnant of its furnishings must be left to be defiled by the invader."

When Mass was ended he summoned the boys and men to his side. "Take these, make a pile of them, and burn them," he instructed, handing them the vestments, altar linens, missal, in fact everything which had been used in the little edifice for so many generations.

He carried out the chalice, the monstrance and the ciborium. These he laid reverently on the earth at some distance from the building. "We shall bury them," he announced. "No alien hands shall ever touch them."

Then in a voice of defiant determination he gave a new command: "Climb to the church tower and take down the bell."

"The bell?"

"It is the *cloche de Notre Dame*, our Lady's bell. It called us to worship her Son, here in the wilderness. It pealed from a belfry in France for over a century before it was brought to Acadie. It is a blessed thing and it must never be turned to profane uses.

Make haste. Take it down. We have no time to lose."

The bell was large and heavy but the men succeeded in lowering it to the ground. Its metal tongue clanged as it was being moved, and the aged curé, kneeling, his people about him, recited the Angelus as they had done so many times in the past when its silvery notes rang out.

Side by side with his loving children he burrowed great holes in that soil. The sacred vessels were hidden deep in the earth near the shore and the freshly turned sods were covered with moss and branches. Flames licked the building.

The soldiers arrived near midday. The Acadians amidst the blackened ruins of their village met them calmly, their curé at their head. Little was said. The English officer in charge was not unkind. Neither was he angry that the settlement had been destroyed. He understood the feelings of his captives and was anxious to make their expulsion as easy as possible. He had a duty to perform and, much as he disliked it, he must discharge it. When the priest petitioned him for mercy he listened respectfully and promised to keep the various families intact. He praised the abbé's wisdom in having counseled his flock to obedience.

A message was sent to the ships which had arrived in the bay, and by nightfall the people of Doucette's Point were aboard. The priest remained on

the shore till the end. When the moment came for him to embark, he collapsed. Thus he died, a smile on his lips, his glassy eyes fixed on the shore near the holy vessels and the ancient bell.

The boats sailed at daybreak for Pennsylvania. There the exiles from Doucette's Point found refuge with kindly Quakers.

One of the exiles never became adjusted to his new surroundings. Burned into his memory, too, was that day he had helped to take down our Lady's bell from the tower of the church of Notre Dame. So he resolved to go back to rescue the bell from its resting place. It would ring from another steeple; it would be again as of old, the voice of God; it would be the *cloche de Notre Dame*.

The Evangeline country was far away and he was poor. Yet he was not discouraged, working late and early, saving every penny, ferreting out every bit of information concerning conditions in his beloved Nova Scotia.

Years dragged on. Troubles beset him. His hair grew white, his step feeble, but his eyes still glowed with keen determination. Finally when he was past 60 he was ready for the great adventure.

To conserve his resources, he journeyed on foot through the wilderness till he came to Maine. Then across rivers and lakes he made his way by canoe to New Brunswick, over the

mainland to Nova Scotia, and finally to the beloved valley of Acadie.

The ground where the treasures were buried was now private property. He purchased it and his English-speaking neighbors received him courteously into their midst; but old Mathieu Doucette kept his precious secret.

He erected a cabin near the hallowed spot where he believed the bell and the vessels to be.

He began digging at night by the light of the stars, and when his pick struck the solid metal of the bell, his joy knew no bounds. Hastily replacing the earth, he began searching for the sacred vessels. He wasn't sure of the exact spot where the curé had secreted them, and long weeks of labor proved fruitless.

At last he found them, undamaged, snugly reposing in their metal containers.

After that he dreamed constantly of turning them over to the proper Church authorities. But there was much to be done first. He must bolster his dwindling resources, for after having paid for the land he had little money left, and winter was at hand. But his heart was light.

As the months passed he learned that there were several Acadian families living beside the Baie Sainte Marie nearly 100 miles distant. Like himself, they, too, had wandered back from exile, and, finding their former lands inhabited by new settlers, had built

homes on the shores of the great inland bay west of Port Royal.

They were very poor and eked out a bare existence by fishing; yet they had constructed a church in the very midst of their tiny cabins. Priests came a few times yearly from Quebec and Halifax to say Mass and administer the sacraments.

Old Matthieu went to visit the Acadians. Though they were strangers all, yet they were members of his own race. He was deeply touched by their heroic struggles, and resolved to give them his beloved bell for their church. So when he returned to Doucette's Point he dug it up and, hiring a wagon and a yoke of oxen, hauled it over the rough wood trails to the settlements.

With great ceremony and rejoicing our Lady's bell was hung in the church tower which was at once erected for it, and when the priest came again for Mass it pealed joyously in the clear, still morning, as it had done so often

in the past at Doucette's Point. On the altar that day were the chalice and ciborium and monstrance which the saintly old curé had saved from the invader.

Matthieu Doucette sold his place at Doucette's Point and joined his Acadian compatriots beside the Baie Sainte Marie. He lived to be over 90 and saw the "habitation" grow to a thriving village. His chief pleasure was to sit in the shadow of the church, rechristened Notre Dame, and wait for the musical chiming of our Lady's bell at Angelus time.

Today the whole section of Nova Scotia from Digby to Yarmouth is a prosperous Catholic land of pretty villages and bustling towns, dotted with schools, churches and convents. The first rude chapel where Matthieu's bell hung has long since been replaced by a stately edifice high on a hill overlooking St. Mary's Bay, but the historic voice of our Lady's bell still sings her praises.



Beginnings . . . XXIV . . .

TEXAS

First priests: Those accompanying the ill-fated Narváez expedition in 1528.

First recorded Mass: By Fray de Larios, O. F. M., at San Ysidro, May 16, 1675.

First dated Baptisms: 55 Indian infants by Fray de Larios at San Ysidro, May 16, 1675.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

Decency and Dividends

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

Malice in Wonderland

Condensed from *Columbia**

Hollywood isn't happy! When the great and near great of the movie capital gather for conversation they no longer boast of their race horses but, sadly considering the diminishing lines at the box office, wonder where their next swimming pool is coming from.

There was a time, not so many years ago, when the fact that the images on the screen actually talked brought people into the theater no matter what the show.

Times have changed. A discriminating public goes to see only well-made, interesting pictures. The youngsters may still drop into the neighborhood theater regardless of what is being offered, but youngsters alone cannot support the industry.

Another source of tremendous worry is the fact that the foreign markets (with the exception of South America), which have eased many a film onto the black side of the ledger, no longer exist.

In other words, the panic is on. How can business be brought back?

It was in trying to find an answer to this box-office problem that Malice moved into Wonderland. Perhaps Malice has always been there (most people suspect she has), but in the last year or so she has begun to dictate policies, and the result has been a defi-

nite trend toward objectionable pictures of questionable moral tone. There are some who have tried to excuse this new factor in film making by saying that the present flood of uncommendable pictures has been born of desperation. Of course it was born of desperation. Any critic of the industry will admit it. They will also admit that the present issue of sex films is an "experiment." If it goes over with the public, there will be more sex films; also stories thoroughly subversive in their attitude toward the various forms of crime.

There is only one great hope, one avenue, by which the makers of malicious movies can be attacked.

This is through the box office. Fortunately there are indications that the public has not yet fallen for Hollywood's latest trend. At least, so it would seem if a recent issue of the Gallup Poll can be considered accurate. Early last winter the American Institute of Public Opinion, directed by Dr. George Gallup, conducted a nationwide survey to determine the popularity of pictures released between Jan. 1 and Nov. 30, 1940. When the questionnaire had been filled and tabulated, the six leading films were: 1. *Boom Town*; 2. *Knute Rockne*; 3. *Rebecca*;

*45 Wall St., New Haven, Conn. May, 1941.

4. *Northwest Passage*; 5. *Strike Up the Band*; 6. *The Fighting 69th*.

The Gallup Poll reported that its study covered two types of movie fans: the frequent theatergoers (that is men and women who go to a movie at least once or twice a week), and the infrequent movie-goers (those who go less than once a week, generally waiting for a picture about which they have read, frequently the film version of a novel or play). The tastes of the frequent and the infrequent movie-goers were fairly similar.

Frequent theatergoers: 1. *Boom Town*; 2. *Knute Rockne*; 3. *Northwest Passage*; 4. *Rebecca*; 5. *Strike Up the Band*; 6. *The Fighting 69th*.

Infrequent theatergoers: 1. *Rebecca*; 2. *Boom Town*; 3. *Northwest Passage*; 4. *Knute Rockne*; 5. *The Fighting 69th*; 6. *All This and Heaven Too*.

Comparing these two listings, it will be noted that *Strike Up the Band* was not popular with the infrequent moviegoer, and that *All This and Heaven Too*, the film version of a famous book, got into the second group. *Rebecca*, also the film version of a best seller, became the No. 1 picture for the infrequent theatergoer.

A further division of the questionnaire showed the choice of men and women. The men dropped *Rebecca* from the first six, replaced it with *The Sea Hawk*, a class A, section I picture. The women's listing (and women make up the great bulk of the movie-

goers) had *Rebecca* first; *All This and Heaven Too*, second; *Boom Town*, third; and *My Favorite Wife*, fourth. The fifth choice was *Strike Up the Band* and the sixth, *Waterloo Bridge*. This brings two new titles to the listings, *Waterloo Bridge* and *My Favorite Wife*. Both are B pictures.

There is sharp contrast between these publicly selected pictures and those nominated by the ten or 12 thousand workers of the motion picture industry for the annual awards given by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The ten pictures nominated for the academy award by the industry were: *All This and Heaven Too*, *Foreign Correspondent*, *Kitty Foyle*, *Grapes of Wrath*, *Our Town*, *Rebecca*, *The Great Dictator*, *The Letter*, *The Long Voyage Home*, and *Philadelphia Story*.

Apparently, if these various lists are indicative, and they undoubtedly are, there is a considerable difference of opinion between Hollywood producers and their customers. To go back to the findings of the Gallup Poll: the class B picture, *The Letter*, ranked 14th with infrequent movie-goers and 36th with the frequent, yet Hollywood chose it as one of the ten best. In looking over the list of films chosen for academy-award nominations, one exhibitor remarked, "The Andy Hardy pictures meant more at my box office than any of them."

A recent federal decision regarding

"block booking" should prove of aid to the theater managers who realize the wishes of their customers and want to conform to the standards of decency. In the past a theater operator who was anxious to show certain sure-fire box-office pictures has been forced to contract for the entire yearly output of a company producing the desired films. As a rule, a large percentage of these pictures were unmade, so he was blindly contracting for a list of names. If a picture turned out to be objectionable, or poor, he had to pay for it whether he showed it or not. Under the new ruling, very small blocks of pictures will be sold, and the theater owner will be able to discriminate more expertly regarding the films he shows.

In a previous Gallup Poll it was disclosed that this country has 32 million citizens, legally and financially able to attend the movies, who do not enter a picture theater more than once a month. Also, that a large number stay away because they object to double features.

Interested in these findings, *Variety*, the most important theatrical publication in this country, conducted its own poll in 35 key cities, questioning moviegoers as to their reactions to pictures and entertainment. *Variety's* findings

show that those who didn't go to the movies as a matter of habit didn't go because: 1. There were not enough good pictures; 2. They objected to double features; 3. They preferred sports, both as participants and as spectators; 4. They preferred listening to the radio.

If the faltering, bewildered Hollywood producers will take cognizance of all these facts, they will find a cure for their present jitters. The objectionable film is doing them no good. A few months ago three plays were brought to New York with Hollywood backing. All of them were notable only for their salacious lines; all of them failed at the box office. In commenting on this fact, Mr. Burns Mantle, the veteran dramatic critic, whose *Best Plays* is a widely read annual, remarked, "Decency is not only fun, but profitable." He supported his statement by pointing to the fact that plays which had long runs, and brought thousands of dollars to the box office, were nearly always above any suspicion of need for censorship. The same is true of pictures.

The handwriting is on the wall, and Malice and all her friends of Wonderland ought not only to read it, but get wise to themselves and begin to produce worth-while pictures.

Economy is going without something you do want in case you should some day want something which you probably won't want.

Catholic Almanac (1937).

Puerto Rico

The inside of the cup

By JAMES L. FERRIS and ANTHONY GERARD

Condensed from *Our Lady of Perpetual Help**

Gay, glamorous Caribbean playground, seven degrees warmer than Miami, shimmering in perpetual sunshine—Puerto Rico, where the Americas meet, tropical stop-off for the Pan-American Stratoliner, emerald keystone in the arch of the "Good Neighbor" nations. Puerto Rico, defense base of the Panama Canal, bulging with bombs and tanks and planes and guns. Puerto Rico—all this, but not heaven, too! Despite its spectacular place in the headlines of 1941, Puerto Rico is poor and weak and diseased. And among its diseases tuberculosis is perhaps the worst.

I can hear some objectors say: "Wait a minute. You have it all wrong. Puerto Rico cannot be as sick as you claim. Look at the millions Uncle Sam has spent on relief. How about the housing projects? Why, *El Mundo* said only last Sunday: The U. S. To Spend Over \$50 Million This Year in Puerto Rico. That's \$100 a minute. There simply cannot be sickness or disease where there is such a prodigal outlay of money."

Oh, no? Well, on this island, which is about as big as Connecticut, there are over 50,000 registered cases of tuberculosis. Three of the four tuberculosis sanatoriums are under the care

of the Redemptorist Fathers. And in all four there are only 1,400 beds for the tremendous number afflicted with the dread disease. The competent doctors in the sanatoriums are waging an intelligent but losing battle against tuberculosis: intelligent, because they use the latest methods of pneumothorax treatment; losing, because of lack of funds to expand the campaign, and for sheer inability to remove the causes of which tuberculosis is a disastrous effect.

I can tell you the causes of tuberculosis here in two words, *malnutrition* and *bad housing*, due to the dire poverty of the natives, who for years have been politically free but economically enslaved.

There is poverty in Puerto Rico because the Puerto Ricans are a dispossessed race; they do not own the land. A frightfully small percentage of the population controls the arable acreage of the island, which is devoted mostly to the cultivation of sugar cane. The privileged few who control the land have become staggeringly rich from their sugar profits, while the masses, who toil in the fields for slave wages, have become the victims of hunger and disease. There are whole sections of the island that depend on these

*Mt. St. Alphonsus, Esopus, N. Y. April, 1941.

slave wages for their subsistence. The workers are herded together in shacks on the rich men's land. The majority labor in the fields from January to May. Their wages never reach \$200 for the five months' work, and with it they are supposed to support their wives and children for a year. The four big companies that grind and market the bulk of the island's cane output are all controlled in the U. S., whither most of the profits flow, while the native workers starve in their palm-thatched huts and watch their children fall prey to the white plague. It is estimated that all but a handful of the 1,900,000 Puerto Ricans are forced to get along on something like \$120 a year for a family.

Until comparatively recent years coffee and tobacco ranked next to sugar as the natural wealth of the island. The coffee industry was practically blown out of business by the hurricanes of 1928 and 1932. By the time the plantations were again yielding their delicate, aromatic bean, which is far superior to the rougher Brazilian brand, the war closed the market in Europe and there was no new outlet in sight. The demand for Puerto Rican tobacco, which supplies the filler for cigars, has become negligible due to the universal use of cigarettes. However, the collapse of these two industries makes little difference to the native worker. While the plantations were flourishing and producing a hand-

some income he was paid off with the same niggardly pittance that still disgraces the sugar industry.

The deplorable condition of the masses is aggravated by the exorbitant freight rates to and from our ports. These rates are made possible by the amazing fiction of bringing Puerto Rico under the provisions of our coastwise shipping law, which limits commerce within the U. S. to American ships. That means that the freight rates are fixed by a small number of steamship companies which are not exactly disinterested. An island 1,400 miles from the mainland treated as coastwise territory! Naturally, that weasel-faced legal fiction is a costly one for every Puerto Rican. For example, before the present war raised transatlantic rates, it cost almost twice as much to send rice from Louisiana to our own island possession as it did to ship it to England. Out of their pitiful earnings the Puerto Rican laborers and farmers must pay their share of the predatory freight in the higher cost of every article that comes to them from the States. They feel the pinch most in the cost of rice and beans, their ordinary diet.

An important factor in Puerto Rico's present predicament is its dense population, 553 to the square mile. Lack of a living wage, besides leading to malnutrition, has forced bad housing conditions upon the Puerto Ricans. Many thousands, refusing to toil in the

sun-scorched fields for a miserly pittance, crowded into cities. The cities had neither the industries to employ them nor the proper houses to shelter them. Hence arose the terrible slums of Puerto Rico. When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt visited the island several years ago, she was appalled at the sight of one slum, La Perla, near the army camp in the city of San Juan. "The slum La Perla," she said, "is worse than anything in Singapore, yet nothing has been done to remove this No. 1 slum spot of the world."

Given that situation, it was inevitable that our professional birth-control propagandists would go to work on the island. They descended like a flock of buzzards and by high-pressure lobbying succeeded in having the insular government legalize the dissemination of birth-control information. *Fortune* calls this "an astonishingly brave thing for a legislature to do in a Catholic country," then adds a word of pious

pity, "Unfortunately, the cost of contraceptives still keeps the *jibaro* (countryman) from limiting his overproduction of children." It would be as logical to pity the Puerto Rican because the cost of guns and ammunition prevents him from blowing his brains out.

On the whole, U. S. policy towards the patient, hospitable people of our island stepchild has been much like the politics in *Of Thee I Sing*. There has been a great deal of mismanagement, irresponsible meddling and cynical exploitation, with a few well-meant efforts that did not really help much. Incidentally, it is no boost to the Good Neighbor policy when the Latin American nations to the south see the ragged starveling on our own doorstep. Meanwhile, the Redemptorists of the Baltimore province labor with the other priests of the island to salvage the soul of the Puerto Rican in the midst of his enforced poverty and misery.



A well-known nun, when the opponents of Notre Dame were leading by 14 points, removed the statue of our Lady from the top of the radio and substituted a statue of St. Joseph. "After all," she remarked philosophically, "it's a man's game."

From *Come What May* by Arnold Lunn (Little, Brown, 1941).



Another nun removed the statue of her founder from the radio and placed it on the sill outside the window. It was snowing at the time. "You don't come in if Notre Dame doesn't win," she remarked grimly.

From *Come What May* by Arnold Lunn (Little, Brown, 1941).

Biology and All That

By JOHN DESMOND SHERIDAN

Flit for woodwork

Condensed from the *Irish Monthly**

When I was at school, 20 years ago, "science" meant proving that air has weight, finding the specific gravity of copper, and setting flaming cruisers of sodium afloat in glass troughs. It meant also, I remember, bad smells in squat bottles. But science, as a school subject, has widened considerably since my time. It now includes the structure of the earthworm, the secrets of the starfish, and the life history of the higher apes.

Much of this new knowledge comes under the heading of biology. Now the little I know about biology convinces me that it is a most exciting science, full of clues and cross references. I must, therefore, make a distinction between a respectable thing called biology and a most disreputable thing which I might call "popular biology": the pseudo-scientific bilge which takes up so much of the room on the non-fiction shelves of our public libraries, and which is disseminated by the sensational Sunday papers.

You will find it also, I am sorry to say, in the schools: not in Irish schools, perhaps, but certainly in English and American schools, where it is put forward not just as a study of bone scaffoldings and organic structures, but also as the answer book to the big

eternal question of man's nature, origin and end. The answers, needless to say, are all wrong. Indeed, in view of the nature and scope of the questions, the answers could not possibly be right. There is, however, a certain consistency in the wrongness. It fits in nicely with an old argument which is forever assuming new disguises, the argument that the social and ethical systems based on Christianity have been completely discredited by recent discoveries, and that the test tube has confounded the priests. The new science doesn't keep its bad smells in squat bottles.

I am going to give some space now to quotations from a short article which appeared some time ago in the *B. C. Teacher*, the official organ of the teachers of British Columbia. It is a good example of the kind of claptrap which is being ladled out to children in the sacred name of science. It aroused no comment even in British Columbia, simply because it is the old familiar of fact and fiction which appears regularly in educational papers from Japan to Peru.

The writer, a Mr. Cochrane of Ocean Falls, B. C., announces boldly, "I teach sex," and begins with the following explosive paragraph: "Not its anat-

*5 Great Denmark St., Dublin, C. 16, Ireland. April, 1941.

omy, physiology, or hygiene; any student desiring information on these topics can find them (*sic*) in the school library. What I try to teach is an understanding of what it is all about."

Having given the deserving the run of the library, he goes on to explain how he teaches the undeserving "what it is all about":

"We make a beginning in Grade X. The children learn that sexual reproduction begins in the union of two cells. Discussion brings out the fact that this is why children inherit some traits from their fathers and some from their mothers, and why brothers and sisters are alike but different. Some will be stronger or cleverer or in some way better adapted for success in life than others, and will have a better chance to survive and have children, *and so the race gradually improves.*

"The next step comes naturally under the study of animals in Grade XI. Breeding is one of the most important aspects of the animal industry; and at this point the thoughtful student wants to know whether the human race could be improved in the same way. The answer is that the human race could be improved very much, but people do not want it done. If sickly, lazy, and stupid people would stop having families, the world would be healthier, happier and richer. But we find that, on the average, such people have more children than the good workers."

This is a very nice point, and it must

appeal especially to the children of big families (if there are any big families in Ocean Falls), who will be left to the fragrant reflection that their parents are sickly, lazy, stupid, or all three. Incidentally, it has never been proved scientifically, and it never will be proved, that the child from the big family, or the child of parents who cannot be classed among the "good workers," is necessarily or usually deficient in innate intelligence.

This, however, is by the way. I must keep up with Mr. Cochrane: "In olden times natural selection helped the development of the race, *because the useless people often starved to death and most of their children died young.* If the unfit are preserved and allowed to produce families to be maintained at the expense of the fit, and if such a policy is continued long enough, we may expect our race to degenerate, as many other races have done in the past."

There is surely a gaping hole in the ballad here. If natural selection tended to improve the race in the past, this improvement must have been cumulative, the less desirable breeds tending to die out. Where then have the sickly, the lazy, and the stupid come from in such numbers? How did their ancestors escape death by starvation in the days when men were men?

The answer is that natural selection, as the eugenicists understand it, never existed. There is no evidence at all for

the thesis that in primitive times sickly, lazy, and stupid men married sickly, lazy, and stupid women, and that their children followed them (for the good of the race) to early graves. Two phrases which will be found in every language under the sun disprove this theory completely: "What did she ever see in him?" and "What did he ever see in her?" Indeed, if there is any basis for the phrase natural selection, it would seem to be that nature protects "useless" people by finding them spouses who are willing and able to make up for their deficiencies. The thriftless woman gets a hard-working husband, the ne'er-do-well marries a wife with a head for business.

This mighty abstraction called "nature" by people who want to dodge by hook or by crook the notion of a personal God, does not mate the strong with the strong and the stupid with the stupid. The biographies of the great afford ample proof that a "useless" parent is not an insuperable handicap. Shakespeare's father was a bankrupt, Beethoven's father was a drunkard, and Faraday was born in a stable. As for millionaires, it is almost an axiom that no one has the slightest chance of joining that august company except he is born of poor parents and begins life as a newsboy.

Mr. Cochrane's gloomy picture of the future of the human race if the poor are to be always with us is, of course, a very familiar one. The in-

telligence testers have been crying havoc in this connection for the past decade. "Useful" people are able to earn enough for themselves and their families, and have no need of state help: the rest should be allowed to die out—if they are "maintained at the expense of the fit" they can only pass on poverty and stupidity and ill health as a heritage to their children.

This beautiful and humanitarian doctrine may, Mr. Cochrane points out, lead to difficulties, and so it must be handled carefully. This is how he puts it:

"You could not teach this lesson in just that way in a school in which there are children on relief, but in Ocean Falls there are none, so one can deal with the problem freely—always being careful to point out that in these hard times many good citizens are on relief through no fault of their own."

"In these hard times" is good. Normally, any citizen on relief, therefore, is poor through his own fault, and his children, "maintained at the expense of the fit," are hurrying the race towards degeneracy. A generation of children taught such nonsense as this will have very definite views about expenditure for social services when they grow up and become taxpayers.

I find now that I finished this last-quoted paragraph a little too soon. Mr. Cochrane did not end there. He added a thought-provoking sentence which deserves a paragraph all to itself:

"Of course, no mention is made of birth control, but those who have ears can hear."

Why "of course"? If a teacher hopes that those of his pupils who "have ears" can deduce from his lectures the desirability of birth control, why should he be so squeamish about advocating it openly? Mr. Cochrane doesn't explain. He rushes on:

"In Grade XII the subject crops up again in the health course under the heading of Mental Health. Here I open up the whole question of instincts, explaining (not too scientifically) that instincts are inherited tendencies, and that we inherit them because they helped our remote ancestors to keep on living. Those who had useful tendencies lived and raised children who inherited these tendencies; those who did not have them died and left no children. Thus we inherit a liking for fresh fruit and meat, and a dislike for rotten meat and strychnine."

Mr. Cochrane opens up "the whole question of instincts," but "not too scientifically." Certainly, there is no marked scientific bias in his treatment, and some of his pupils may be slightly worried over the problem of "ancestors" who died and left no children.

I cannot bring myself to believe that some prehistoric men lived long enough to rear families simply because they liked fresh fruit and good meat, whereas others pined away in no time because they had a fatal liking for rotten

fruit and bad meat. I am fully convinced that my remote and hairy ancestors who chased deer in the Stone Age had noses just as delicate as mine in the matter of fresh meat, and that the men who dressed in skins had just as sweet a tooth where cherries and plums are concerned as the men who are dressed by the multiple tailors. In the question of food, I am all for the theory of natural selection. I refuse to believe that any man ever nibbled at a rotten carcass when there was anything better to be had.

It is reasonable to suppose, of course, that mankind discovered from time to time that certain fruits which may have looked good and tasted good were not meant to be eaten, and that primitive man was not slow to see the connection between, say, a luscious-looking red berry and the convulsions of a neighbor who died in agony after eating it. But there is no question here of a *tendency* which could be passed on to posterity. It is simply a case of accumulated experience or, if you prefer it, the old case of the forbidden fruit. The man who died could not pass on to his children any dislike of the poisonous red berry, that is, any instinctive dislike: neither could the man who lived. What was passed on in every such case was *knowledge*. For centuries, for instance, people have been eating the stalks of rhubarb and throwing away the leaves, simply because tradition decreed that the stalks were good

to eat and the leaves bad. But we have not inherited any instinctive dislike of rhubarb leaves. They look as green and as edible as cabbage leaves, and they are far, far bigger; but if you eat a dinner of them it will be your last.

Mr. Cochrane's most delightful blunder, I think, is his naive statement that we "inherit" a dislike for strychnine. We certainly inherit, in the broad sense, some *knowledge* of strychnine, and so we give it a wide berth, but we neither inherit nor possess any instinctive dislike of it. In fact, the whole point in the popularity of strychnine is that it looks quite as innocent as salt or sugar. If people instinctively distrusted it, it would never have acquired its present grisly reputation.

Mr. Cochrane's views are not new, and they are not, in themselves, very alarming. You will find them in almost any popular science series, and Mr. Wells and others trumpet them from time to time in the press. What is alarming is that there are thousands of Mr. Cochranes, and that each and every one of them is doling out wild and fantastic heresies to the men and women of tomorrow in the sacred name of science, that this nonsensical

tangle of materialism and bad logic is being taught in schools the world over. Wells slew his thousands, but the Cochranes slay their tens of thousands.

The attitude of the Catholic Church to education sometimes seems, even to Catholics themselves, a little rigorous, while to non-Catholics it appears obscurantist and old-womanish. The Church not alone insists, wherever possible, on Catholic schools and Catholic teachers, but exercises a strict veto in what seem purely secular matters. She wants to know the what and how of everything. She seems at times to suspect even the multiplication table.

But this watchfulness is part of her divine commission. It is a sacred duty. There may be no room for heresy in the multiplication table, but you can never be sure—I know a *History of Mathematics* which devotes at least half of its opening chapter to a wild eulogy of Wycliffe, Luther and the Reformation. The Church, therefore, has never compromised, and can never compromise, on the question of education; she must be always on the watch. If you ask me, "For what?" the answer which occurs to me at the moment is, "On the watch for Mr. Cochrane."

Years ago there was an anecdote current in Cambridge, Mass., about Father "Billy" Orr, whose parish included the grounds of Harvard. Students who came to him to confession were sometimes flabbergasted at being asked, "Can you read, my child?" The idea was supposed to be that if they could not read he would give them "the beads" for penance instead of something in the prayer book.

From *Sursum Corda* (NCWC) by Father Gillis, C.S.P. (25 April '41).

The Blessed Trinity

By LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

Condensed from a book*

The Blessed Trinity is not a puzzle. It is not a trick. It is an innocent, profound statement of how life exists in Him who *is* Life. A mystery is not a fact about which we can know nothing. It is a fact about which we cannot know everything. But the deeper we plunge, the more we learn. The ultimate veil will be removed from our minds only in the beatific Vision. But veil by veil we can go tearing and plunging in the direction of that sunlight which is dimly but surely seeping through. It is a thicket we are in, not a maze.

Now here is a second important thing I have to say. We have hidden experience within ourselves of the reality of the Blessed Trinity, for we are the images of God *non tantum Unius sed Trini*. In the intensest region of our souls, that area of us which is always unconsciously moving about the essence of our Creator, receiving continuation from Him as mysteriously as it received existence, we are being perpetually warmed by the exquisite temperature of the eternal Substance, and continually illuminated by the light from three lovely *Is*: the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Granted that it is a borrowed light; do we not have what we borrow? Oh, I agree that it

all happens down in the mysterious depths of us, at the vanishing point of us, at the verge of our non-existence, where we shriek our pitiful "Keep me, keep me!" to our Creator, as we gaze into the yawning eternal void from which we came, and to which we can never return—not even by the route of hell!

When one of our children in the Sisters' school is told: There is one God in three divine Persons, he does only what a child should do. He says: *In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*, beginning his prayer; and *Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost*, ending it. And then he goes about his play. Prayer is the child's little aside; play is his profession. He throws a tiny rosebud of adoration into eternity, not yet blossomed, but a real rosebud, not a false one, and forgets it. He does not know that the beatific Vision of the triune God is already in his mind, packed there in the form of faith, as the flower is packed in the seed. The flower is not another reality from the seed; it is the seed fulfilled. So the child's prayer. It is, in seed form, the adoration of vision which the blessed bestow upon God in ecstasy everlasting.

The first simple step towards an ap-

*You'd Better Come Quietly. 1939. Sheed & Ward, New York City. 220 pp. \$2.

preciation of the Blessed Trinity is to become aware that *threeness* and *oneness* can somehow be reconciled. If one forbids that it should, on the score, let us say, that such things do not happen in one's social circle, in one's pantry, or on one's dining-room table, naturally we encounter a mind completely closed to an appreciation of the mystery of God. And, as you know very well, an approach to a sublime thought can be effectually outlawed in sophisticated conversation by a yawn, by a "Why, brother?" or by a sudden need to hurry and catch a train. I have had, times without number, to surrender the most innocent effort to lift a dinner conversation out of the realm of soup and strawberries and into the region of the immutable and eternal, in the face of such a witticism as, "Oh goody, goody! At last we've found someone who knows all about God!" Heaven immediately clouded before our eyes, and we went back, after an appropriate pause, to a discussion of the unsociabilities of detail in a surrealist's painting.

When St. Patrick picked up the shamrock, as the Irish say he did, and pointed to it as an illustration of the mystery of the Trinity, he chose a most wretched symbol, as we know. For the unity of persons in the Blessed Trinity is not that of three leaves clinging to a stalk. Yet St. Patrick advanced, I declare, by however tiny a trillionth of an inch, nearer to the truth of God's

multipleness than one does who points to no symbol at all. For St. Patrick at least opened the minds of his disciples to the startling fact that threeness and oneness can somehow be reconciled in a single being. The reconciliation of these opposites in a poor little shamrock is about as pitiful an illustration of God's paradox as I can imagine. But it is better than no illustration at all. And it creates a generosity of mind more salutary than the obstructionist attitude which hangs on the portals of human intelligence a sign: let no amazement enter here.

St. Patrick used the shamrock as a symbol of the diversity of identity in God. Let me use a better one.

Let me say that God the Father is the Thinker in God; God the Son is His Thought; and God the Holy Spirit is the Thinking that proceeds from the Thought and the Thinker. Before we attempt to discover how unfathomably far away we are from the divine processions in this statement, let us first observe a few points in which it becomes perilously near to being the truth of Him.

A thinker craves a thought, and a thought craves to be thought of by a thinker. Thinker and thought in severance leave the function of intelligence unfulfilled, whether in divine or human form. If a thought could survey itself on the brink of existence, it would look about yearningly for the one requisite needed to lift it out of nothingness: a

thinker to think it. A thought is in very truth the *child* of the thinker, bursting into being by a genuine act of generation, more generative indeed than a procreation of flesh and blood, more firmly rooted in the status of childhood than an infant is towards father and mother, because an infant achieves in birth the principle of division from, rather than of subsistence with, its parents. Not so thought, as a scion of the spirit. For a thought and a thinker in the precise duration of the act of thinking are identified in substance. Each is the one thing in that brief ecstasy in which they commune. I am not I, and my thought something abroad in mid-air. And yet my thought achieves an *otherness* right within me which, if I do not honor, makes precisions of statement about what is *I* and what is *mine* become impossible. For I do speak of my thought as somehow distinct from myself. I praise and admire my good thought, disown and belittle my bad one. Who is criticizing whom in this standoff? Why am I so proud of my infant if it is only myself; why do I scold it if it is not other than I?

The explanation is simple. Our thoughts are other selves, but selves by way of accidental, not substantial nature. In thinking, my intellect submits itself to a form with which it is momentarily identified, and this explains the unity of thinker and thought. But the two made one have in themselves

not merely a principle of opposition (which is delightful) but also a principle of abandonment (which is disastrous). All our intellectual children are ghosts of real babies.

My thought would be really, truly, everlastingly, blazingly a new self within my nature—would be a second person authentically begot by me—if three requirements were fulfilled: 1) if I were thinking the same thing all the time; 2) if it were the perfect thing to think; 3) if the infinity of its perfection were derived from a survey of my own nature, wholly given yet wholly retained in the act.

But alas, in our vintage of being, such a perfection of performance is impossible. There is in man only one person and one nature. Little pretenders to the dignity of personality constantly arise within him in the form of thoughts: fakers that put on a good show at being somebodies while they last, like pumpkins blinking in a window at Halloween. But no thought I have is perfect or exhaustive of an all-perfect nature, and so it dies. And no love I have is rooted in a substantial wedding of thought and thinker, and so it dies. And I go on forever being, in the total assemblage of what I am, one nature and one person, defeated at every instant from being a Blessed Trinity.

When a thinker can leap at the thought of all truth, as God can and all truth surrenders itself effortlessly

to be thought of by the fortunate thinker, there proceeds from this alliance the function of *thinking*, in an act of infinite goodness, infinite delight. This *thinking* will go on as long as there is no possibility of distraction, as long as thinker and thought are fixed in an ecstasy of mutual affection than which no greater can be conceived. The thinking, obviously, will be as substantial and immutable as the thought and the thinker from whom it proceeds. Its boast is to be all goodness; and its name is love.

In its eternal pattern, Love is a Comforter, not an oppressor. In the Blessed Trinity it is called the Paraclete, the Holy Spirit. And we bless ourselves now with a new reason:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

In the name of Life, Truth and Love.

In the name of the Thinker, the Thought and the Term of Their Re- it in one of your most poignant poems: pose; or, as you, Thomas Butler, put In the name of God the Weaver, God the Wool, and God the Weave.

You may well complain that I have not as yet explained to you the difference between a nature and a person, and that there is no dealing with the Blessed Trinity until this has been done.

You yourself will do for experiment, and I shall consider two phases which can be known and treated, talked about and loved. There is first,

your communicability, and that is you *as a nature*. There is second, your incommunicability, and that is you *as a person*.

Your qualities of body and soul, your stature, height, ability to think, breathe, pray, read, laugh, eat, cry—the things that make you human, sociable, a man, a priest, a poet, a dreamer, one of St. Ignatius' disciples, and one of your mother's children. These aspects of you (and countless others that are similar) touch your *nature*.

There is your uniqueness, your aloneness, your mystery, your private experience of yourself as distinct from others: the phase of you to which you cater when you close your eyes, make a gesture of supplication, a gesture of defense; when you accuse yourself of sin, take responsibility for some good or evil work; when you sign your name, or indelible some revelation of yourself to the outside world with your peculiar flash of eyes or tone of voice, inimitable and unvicarious. You have undergone those moments of human experience when you have been in the presence of a loved one and could not speak, when the very fullness of your self could not be crushed into words or even expired in a sigh. You have said, and I recorded, "I am most unhappy when I am with those I love." You did not need to explain this paradox. I understood it. The statement derived from that outlook of yourself upon yourself which we call *personality*.

Communicability and incommunicability are two terms that will serve to set our thoughts gyrating around those mysteries of nature and person that are at one within us. Other terms will also help.

Our sameness with others is our nature.

Our difference from others is our person.

Our likeness to others is our nature.

Our unlikeness to others is our person.

Our dependence on others is our nature.

Our independence of others is our person.

Beauty is the likeness of unlike things. So you see within the essential structure of every human being, because of his likeness-principle (his nature) and his unlikeness-principle (his person), there are justifications for unlimited contemplation if we would only look innocently into the eyes of our friends, into the unemancipated aloneness of each puzzled human heart, forever needing companionship and sympathy, and forever wanting not to be annoyed by the bothersomeness of others.

Beauty consists in the unlikeness of like things! What must be the unthinkable beauty of a triple, eternal unlikeness in an *identical thing*, O God! O adorable Trinity!

On a trip back from Italy some years ago I stood one night outside the ball-

room window on the boat, and watched a beautiful young boy and girl (in their late teens or early 20's) collaborating in a dance. Their differences before they became partners in the dance were as complete as though a chasm had made them. In size, quality of voice, gender, clothes, strength—in every bodily and spiritual endowment they were as divided as only boy and girl can be in the strange pattern of male and female that sets the human race apart into that twoness that will in Beauty's name emphasize the likeness of their differences.

She was dressed in a long, flowing, white robe, with a band of blue in her hair. He was dressed in faultless, black evening clothes. She was a dressmaker's dream. He was a tailor's job. Her antics preparatory to the dance were light and fluttery, bristling with a butterfly independence. He was quiet, strong, stolid, with no nervous pre-excitement in a single movement. The off-flash from her, in hair, in hands, in eyes, would seem to be telling us: "I am complex and unconquerable, I am all diffused. In me there is no surrender." The aura that poured from him would seem to be saying: "I am my own quiet, assured strength. I am rounded, harmonized, finished. For me there is nothing left to conquer."

The orchestra leader struck his baton against the podium. The boy walked languidly across the ballroom floor and gathered a white parcel of fidgety love-

liness in his arms. And the music began.

And then, for ten minutes of faultless coordination, encouraged by every shade of sound and note the instruments of the orchestra could supply, the extravagant differences of boy and girl melted into an identity of movement. Every gesture, twirl, advance, approach, glide, hesitation, revolution and recovery were performed, so it seemed, by two human wills fused into one. The separateness of their selves was whelmed in an identity of rhythm, showered and re-showered with melody for a breathless interval in which there was only oneness between them. The music stopped. They separated again into black and white, walked to opposite corners of the room. He was once more a boy and she a girl, and they resumed the manners of strangers.

Your awe-struck brother closed the curtain of the ballroom window through which he had been eavesdropping, went over and leaned on the railing of the ship, and looked up blinking at the mystery of the stars, each at its appointed post in the heavens, each shining with the same patient radiance, undifferentiated in kind, yet sundered by unfathomable spaces, millions of light-years apart!

When you say "What" you inquire for nature. When you say "Who" you inquire for person. We are constantly using these pronouns interrogatively, and there must be planted in the depths

of our clouded minds some inference as to the difference of their meaning.

There is only one **WHAT** in God.

There are three **WHOS**.

And yet after all my excursions in the field of theological illustration, apt and inept, I prefer to return to the simple statement of the Blessed Trinity's truth as it was given to us in the Sign of the Cross when we were children.

In God, a Being who is all-perfect, immutable, eternal, absolute and worthy of the last prostration of the mind in adoration, there is a Person who corresponds in a consummate and ideal way to every notion we have of Fatherhood. He is our Father. His prerogatives are power, providence, justice, underived dominion over all that is. He is a God of mercy, too, and forgiveness, as behooves a good father. He was generated by no one, proceeds from no one, is the First Person of the Blessed Trinity, and can be dealt with in His own right, and can be called **YOU** in unique personal intercourse, not directly affecting His divine associates. He is not less a father than the fathers we know. He is more a father. He feeds the sparrows, clothes the lilies of the fields, arranges the sunsets, regulates the crescendos of the storms. From Him all paternity is derived in heaven and on earth. He is the Creator and Conserver of all things.

There is also in the nature of the same, identical God a Person who cor-

responds to everything we can apprehend in the notion of sonship, of childhood, only intensified to an infinite degree. He is begotten of the Father in eternity. He is the exemplar according to which all things visible and invisible were made. He is the Word of God, vibrant with a self all His own. Everything the Father possesses in the essential perfections of the Godhead, the Son possesses, too, for the nature presented to Him in His eternal birth is not a halved infinity, it is the full infinity of the Parent who gives Him birth. He is begotten in eternity, looks backward to no past, forward to no future. If you went up to Him and asked, as a child might, "When is your birthday?" He would answer, "Now!" He appropriates the work of redemption of the human race, came to earth, became man, suffered and died for us, is our Saviour. His name in our midst is Jesus, a name picked by an angel, or at least announced by an angel when it had been chosen in the councils of heaven. His temporal generation occurred in the womb of the Virgin Mary, by the power of the Holy Spirit.

There is also another *self* in God, no less real than the Father and the Son, proceeding from them in an eternal spiration of otherness which it is wonderful to think about. He is identical with them in power, majesty and perfection of nature, but different from them when He uses the pronoun of the first person singular. He is called the

Holy Spirit. He is the mutual love of the Father and the Son, deriving from the divine reality so that He may commune with them in an own-ness which is truly His, but for which they are responsible, and He grateful and delighted. He corresponds to all we can conceive in the way of sacredness and holiness, blowing, as it were, like a breath from God's own Being. He appropriates the works of sanctification, organization and comfort towards the created world, broods over it with infinite compassion. Because of some strange prerogative, not fathomed by our minds, it is demanded that we call Him also the Spirit of Truth. Wherever the image of God is implanted in the likeness of the Son there He rushes to find a temple and insists on dwelling. He is represented to us in symbol by two beautiful rebuses: first, a fluttering white dove, suggesting gentleness, peace, repose; second, a flaming tongue of fire, representing Love's raging, devouring power.

It is now well beyond midnight. I have worked hard all day trying to finish these thoughts which can never be finished. I have tried hard to explain the unexplainable. The defect is not in God; it is in the clumsy comprehension of my defective intelligence.

I have wandered a great deal, repeated the same things over and over again until you have perhaps grown tired of hearing them. Well, one little elusive beam from the eternal Truth

would be worth it, if you can find such in this outline. But I fear you will not find it. Everything slipped through my fingers. But at least I could hold up my fingers tonight and show you that they were poised for the clasping of some beauty beyond this world if God could only be apprehended by any of our human devices of capture.

God is a very blinding light. The experience of gyrating around Him in thought, of sensing Him to be near, yet never finding Him, is a dizzy adventure. And yet the experience is not all dizziness. There is an unexplained delight, an allurements that draws me back again and again to the same search. God has the human mind trapped. There are only two things worth thinking about: heaven and hell. Heaven is hard enough, but a man

must go on thinking. Hell is both hard and horrible. One of the hallmarks of the unhallowed in hell is that they gave up. I shall not give up. Tomorrow I shall give a conference on the Blessed Trinity to the very old men at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor. You intellectuals are not the easiest people to explain things to.

There are also fruits to be derived even from a fruitless quest. I seem to be a little more aware than ever, at the end of this long day, of the uniqueness of myself, precisely because I have been pondering the uniqueness of the selves of God.

Most of me I can never share with you. So do not expect it. If you love the Blessed Trinity, as I know you do, think and pray for yourself, and forget this "explanation."



Leonard Feeney, S.J.

Father Leonard Feeney, S.J., was born in Lynn, Mass., 1897, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1914. He was ordained in 1928. Since that time he has been a teacher, lecturer, editor, poet and essayist. As a teacher he showed very early his mastery of verse forms. His first books of poems, polished and precise, were distinguished by a profound spiritual insight and an unusual imagination. A puckish humor struck off sparks from subjects usually considered commonplace. These aspects of his work are seen best in his masterly, naive poems titled *Boundaries*. He is equally distinguished as an essayist and prose writer. His first great prose work, *Fish on Friday*, brought to America a new type of Catholic writer. The very deep philosophy of his work is transfigured with a divine simplicity and a gay humanity which brings philosophy and poetry within the reach of the common man. His biography of Elizabeth Seton takes Sanctity from her pedestal and makes her live with a human pulse, and in his last work, *You'd Better Come Quietly*, he reveals once more those qualities which have earned him comparison with Aquinas and Twain.

Army Influence

By H. C. McGINNIS

Crucible of character

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith**

With many army camps already completed and hundreds of thousands of the nation's youth moving in, a serious spiritual problem presents itself. This problem concerns every thoughtful person in the nation.

There seems to be much doubt about the placing of responsibility for the morals of our drafted army. Some insist that army authorities are totally responsible, while others argue that army officials don't give a "hoot." Both arguments are wrong. Army officials do care. But the answer isn't entirely in their hands. For example, the *Congressional Record* reveals charges that some of the cantonments far removed from cities are being rapidly surrounded by camps which house "trailer bawdy houses." The trailer camps, being off the military reservations, do not come under the jurisdiction of army officers but under the civilian authorities. Near large cantonments these vice locations rake in enough money to influence dishonest civilian officials to become afflicted with certain forms of blindness.

That is why camp officers are providing cantonments with extensive athletic programs and recreational activities of other sorts, together with very plain talks on morals by the chaplains and

medical officers. In addition, they encourage civilians interested in the welfare of the boys to see to it that wholesome entertainment is furnished in the communities adjacent to camps. In wartime, army officials are more apt to get their own way about such things, for then the civilian government becomes more or less subordinate to military necessities, especially should vice conditions get to the point of impairing the efficiency of the soldiers. At present, however, the army's main weapon against vice is punishment, which comes after the offense and, in cases of venereal diseases, too late. Perhaps this will be changed shortly, for, at this writing, congress, due to many complaints, is considering establishing zones around military reservations inside of which prostitution will be a federal offense.

The social evil, together with its resulting venereal diseases, was seen at its worst in the A. E. F. where, due to the nature of the military operations, clean, wholesome entertainment could be provided only in permanent camps. General Pershing recognized this menace for what it was, and before long General Order 100 was issued and rigidly enforced. Prior to the issuance of this order, the army procedure was

*Holy Trinity Heights, Silver Spring, Md. April, 1941.

to punish a venereal victim for contracting the disease. However, General Order 100 announced the establishment of prophylaxis stations in all camps and in the main French cities visited by American soldiers. It was mandatory for an exposed soldier to report to one of these stations for treatment within three hours. Failure to do this constituted a separate offense, disobedience of orders, and entailed a punishment in addition to the punishment for contracting the disease. This checked the evil somewhat but did not kill it, as army medical records plainly show. In many cases, venereal victims circumvented the detection and punishment by arranging for unofficial treatments by the enlisted personnel of the medical detachment unit. These treatments were rarely permanently successful.

The later effects of such unofficial treatments were sadly illustrated to the writer a dozen years after the Armistice. The writer's bunkmate became infected in France and, being a headquarters non-commissioned officer, arranged for clandestine treatments at the regimental infirmary. The case seemed to progress satisfactorily and the patient thought himself cured. Shortly after his discharge from the army, this boy married and later became the father of four lovely children. He had worked himself into an enviable position with his employers and had built a modern home in a choice location. Life was looking up for this

successful young man. But all the while the dreaded syphilis incurred in France was getting in its deadly work. After a very expensive layoff during which hundreds of dollars were spent for treatment, this young ex-soldier died trying to crawl up the bare walls of a hospital room. Syphilis had so destroyed his brain cells that he had become scarcely anything human. This story is sad but unfortunately doesn't end with the patient's death. He had seriously infected his wife, and his children carried the blood taint. The bullets of the enemy are not always the worst things a soldier has to face.

There seems to be a widespread belief that liquors are sold to soldiers in army establishments. This is absolutely false, for war-department regulations expressly prohibit the sale or dealing in intoxicants on any premises used as military establishments. The army does permit the sale at post exchanges of beer containing one-half of 1% alcohol by volume and not more than 3.2% by weight. This beverage is not considered intoxicating by the army and is much lighter than beer usually sold in civilian establishments. Drunkenness in uniform is easily detected, and military police keep their eyes peeled for excessive drinking among soldiers off the reservation. Such delinquencies are punishable as bringing disgrace to the uniform and disrepute upon the Service. Although many boys who never drank before entering the

army in the first World War came home with a decided taste for alcohol, it is surprising how well the drinking among soldiers was kept under control, even in the A. E. F. A large percentage of the drinking in France was done for the want of something better to do when off duty.

While drinking in camp is fairly easy to detect, gambling is far different. When the American soldier decides to gamble, he is just about as clever in outwitting his officers in camp as he is in outwitting the enemy in battle. In army life, there are frequent periods when the men are idle and yet not permitted to leave camp. Time drags slowly in such cases and frequently, especially in the absence of other entertainment, card and dice games spring up like mushrooms. Today, many a man who gambles away wages badly needed by his family learned his first card tricks in a barracks; and it is well known that even the greenest of greenhorns has become an inveterate gambler after a few months' experience with his wiser comrades.

There is something about socking a bayonet into a practice dummy, accompanying the thrusts with a hideously contorted face and a savagely shrill scream (calculated to induce fear in an opponent) that dulls the soul's finer sensitivities. Learning to kill deliberately and scientifically certainly blunts a man's spirituality. Those soldiers—

and even more so, ex-soldiers—who are more keenly aware of their spiritual natures understand this change though they cannot explain it. The writer, after two years in France during the first World War, knows this feeling but cannot convincingly describe the spiritual change. It occurs deep down inside a man and, while it may not become immediately apparent, it changes the spiritual outlook on life for years to come and, unless carefully guarded against, perhaps forever.

There are already considerably more than 300 Catholic chaplains in the service and more enlisting daily. Working without the help of the folks back home, they have a hard row to hoe. There are not enough hours in a day to take care of the individual instruction needed. Here is where friends and relatives may help.

Even though he is surrounded by 50,000 comrades, a soldier in the making is very often the loneliest boy on earth. It is this loneliness or sheer boredom that very often leads him into temptation. The folks back home should write frequently to their absentees. One thing is certain. When a young man is writing letters to his folks he isn't getting into mischief. It might be added here that he should write also to the priests of his parish, and they to him. Of course it takes time, but it is time exceedingly well spent.

Secondly, good literature should be

supplied* and clean fiction should be furnished in quantities to supplant the trashy, sexy reading always on hand in barracks. Religious literature must be available to inspire the boys to a higher morality and a deeper spirituality. Occasional presents of homemade candy, toilet articles, and other suitable gifts all tend to keep the boys' minds on home.

People who do not have boys in training should contribute to the various funds set up for the chaplains to

*The CATHOLIC DIGEST will accept subscriptions for men in the service at \$2 a year—a reduction of 33⅓%.

use in purchasing needed entertainment items. Though this country may not enter the war, it is more than likely that conscription will continue for years to come. Each year, then, a million or more boys will be returned to civilian life. In ten years there will be ten million ex-trainees. Ten million young men ready to establish homes, rear families, and assume the nation's responsibilities are a sizable factor in the nation's moral and spiritual life and form too vital a responsibility for us to neglect now in this year of our Lord, 1941.



To Catholic Recruits

1. Be a good soldier. You can serve God and country best by being true to yourself.
2. Seek out a Catholic chaplain at once and offer your services to him.
3. Find your friends at the Communion rail. Some soldiers are daily communicants; others go as often as they can.
4. Obey commands promptly and with good will. No officer is likely to command you to do anything contrary to good conscience. If any should, consult your chaplain.
5. Don't gamble. Most gamblers become moochers, and the moocher is an army pest.
6. Carry a medal and rosary; keep a prayer book in your kit. Use them. Join the Holy Name Society.
7. Join a discussion group or study club. If there isn't one in your outfit, help the chaplain organize one.
8. Write home frequently; write occasionally to your pastor. If the chaplain has cards to certify attendance at the sacraments, send them home.
9. Give good example as a Catholic gentleman. To men who have never known Catholics before, *you* represent the Catholic Church.
10. Don't get married before you leave; don't marry in the army. A year of separation now may save years of separation later on.

The Notre Dame Bulletin.

Old France in Modern Canada

Where men accumulate

By RICHARD FINNIE

Condensed from *Travel**

Setting out in an old car in May, my wife and I drove to Montreal and Quebec. Soon, leaving cities behind, we passed on to the 17th-century Ile d'Orléans, to the rugged and colorful Gaspé Peninsula, to the picturesque county of Charlevoix between Quebec City and the Saguenay River. We devoted ten days, also, to a cruise around Anticosti Island, out in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, 360 miles northeast of Quebec City.

We found a people who are often misrepresented, only seldom understood. Loyal Canadian, they seem to us not quite of Canada; but neither are they of France (their penchant for flying the tricolor, as often as or more than the Union Jack, on fete days may be a sort of compromise due to an urge to express their own personality). Yet the *habitant* thinks of himself as the true and original Canadian, which is logical enough if the Indian isn't considered. Some actually expressed surprise when we referred to ourselves as Canadians, because English-speaking strangers to them were generally grouped either as *Anglais* or *Américain*. They are a people apart, in the sense that they preserve their own ideology and culture, their own language and traditions, as yet relatively

little affected by modern civilization.

Numerous residents of the Ile d'Orléans, as well as those of more isolated communities, have never been inside a motion-picture theater, even though Quebec City, replete with all modern appurtenances in its ancient setting, is but nine miles away. They are often merely lacking in curiosity about things which do not immediately concern them. One venerable woman whom we encountered in St. Pierre had never in her long life visited the neighboring parish of St. Jean, just five miles away.

Madame Joseph Plante (we took motion pictures of her at her spinning wheel) laughingly admitted that she could not even comprehend the nature of movies. One of her daughters had once attended a lantern-slide lecture and had carefully described it to her afterward. She remembered that quite well, but how motion pictures differed from lantern slides she could not grasp. The fact worried her not at all, however. She often went to Quebec City to help her husband sell the produce of their farm at the market place, but it had never occurred to either of them to incur the expense of patronizing a near-by motion-picture theater. Many years ago some well-

*116 E. 16th St., New York City. May, 1941.

meaning friends lured the Plantes into a Quebec theater to enjoy a legitimate play. The Plantes were dazed; every seat was filled and never had they seen so many people so compressed. Before the curtain rose they began to wonder what might happen if fire broke out. Not daring to risk their lives sitting through the performance, and desperately clutching one another, they rushed out into the fresh air and hastened back to the peace of their beloved Island of Orleans.

Madame Plante recalled the episode as she sat at her spinning wheel. Her shoe bobbing up and down on the treadle was homemade: she made all her own footwear and had never bought a pair of shoes in her life. The wool she was spinning had been cleaned and carded at home, taken from skins bought from the local butcher. Formerly she had grown her own flax, which she also spun. The family loom, which she and her daughters now use chiefly for weaving bedspreads to sell, had not so long ago turned out stuffs for the making of clothing. The men tilled their fields, tended their few cattle and kept traps set out in the St. Lawrence to ensure a quota of fish for Friday. The *habitants* usually create all the comforts and conveniences they want. In this respect they are probably unique among the civilized peoples on this continent.

There is many a prosperous family along the north and south shores of

the St. Lawrence, as well as on the Ile d'Orléans. The race is very thrifty, driving a good bargain, yet bighearted, hospitable, and at times astonishingly generous. Rather than pay 10c for a dishcloth, the housewife may devote considerable time to making one; but if she receives an appeal to help Chinese missions she is likely to respond with all her ready cash.

Nowhere are the home ties stronger than in French Canada, where people have not lost the art of entertaining one another. Eschewing hotels as much as possible in the course of our work, we lived with the people and spent memorable evenings in conversation, singing folksongs, or playing games.

As to language, of the 5,000 inhabitants on the Island of Orleans, a scant handful speaks English; and, away from towns and cities, like ratios prevail almost everywhere else in the province. Their French, though Anglicisms and local variations in pronunciation and idiom have crept in, is essentially the same as that of their Normandy ancestors.

Architecturally, rural French Canada is a joy to the esthetic-minded traveler, with its many whitewashed houses of stone, hand-hewn beams and bell-cast or hip roofs (adaptations of the French Provincial style), some of them more than two centuries old. Unfortunately, not all the residents recognize or appreciate the simple beauty of their

dwellings, coveting instead the square brick horrors occupied by city cousins.

At Fox River, typical Gaspésian fishing village, we went out to sea in a 20-foot schooner with a pair of cod fishermen. They and their fellows get little rest during the fishing season, often drifting with their nets all night long to catch herring for bait, then jigging all day for cod. As soon as the day's catch is brought ashore it must be split and gutted. The livers may be put aside for sale to cod-liver oil factories at 15c a pail. The methods of catching and drying fish around the coast of Gaspé have changed little during the three centuries since the industry had its inception there.

We spent a day on Bonaventure Island, a stone's throw from the magnificently situated village of Percé, and filmed the gannets on their nests and in flight.

There was wild life to be photographed during our visit to Anticosti. This "island of mystery," more than 3,000 square miles of wilderness with some 500 inhabitants, about which most outsiders know practically nothing, has been privately owned since its discovery by Jacques Cartier in 1534.

Just as it is a paradise for sportsmen, so is it an Eden for its settlers, most of whom were brought from the north shore of the St. Lawrence by the Meniers, the last owners of the island before it was purchased by the Con-

solidated Paper Corporation of Montreal. The islanders' problems are not the problems of the outside world; depressions scarcely affect them. Many of the oldsters have not been to the mainland for a generation.

Autumn was almost upon us. We drove to Charlevoix county, where we had earlier spent several weeks, to make further studies and to take additional film sequences. We ferried to Isle aux Coudres and saw wind-driven threshing machines of a pattern rarely found elsewhere, and seaweed for fertilizer being hauled in oxcarts. In Baie St. Paul we photographed the making of hooked rugs by experts, and were fascinated by the intricacies of the setting up of a loom for weaving homespun. There, also, we saw one of the few foundries that are still turning out cast-iron grave markers, which French Canadians formerly favored, and called at a tannery, where hides were treated for fashioning the picturesque and practical but disappearing *bottes sauvages*.

We saw square hand churns in use, some of them 100 years old. We saw hats being braided of wheat straw. We learned how bread is baked in outdoor ovens, and how, if it should burn, a palatable coffee substitute can be brewed from the charred crust. We attended an informal get-together of *habitant* families near Ste. Agnes, when young and old vied with one another in the performance of *la danse*

de la jarretière, to the accompaniment of ancient tunes played on a fiddle. This lively and complicated step dance was inspired by the sword dance introduced by Scottish settlers not long after the conquest.

Though religious processions are no novelty anywhere in the province, fortunate indeed is the traveler who witnesses one in an out-of-the-way village like St. Urbain, nine miles north of Baie St. Paul. It was *La Fête Dieu*, and an unforgettable spectacle. It began at the church and ended at a house on the outskirts of the village, where an altar had been improvised on the *galerie*. In front were little children in white dresses, in the middle was the parish priest walking beneath a canopy and carrying the Blessed Sacrament, while altar boys preceded him, stepping backward and swinging censers. At the rear of the procession tramped the adult parishioners. All those not in the procession were kneeling.

In rural Quebec the parish priest is the most respected and influential member of every community. Once we expressed to one on the Island of Orleans the hope that we might photograph a typical good-sized family. Within a couple of hours we were directed to a house where all members of the family, dressed in their Sunday best, were awaiting us. Yes, they were all there: father, mother, 17 children, several sons and daughters-in-law, and

a half-dozen grandchildren. A close-up was taken of each one. In Quebec province families of 20 children are not particularly rare. No wonder, then, that French-Canadians, who were counted in thousands in 1759, are counted in millions in 1941.

With every able-bodied member of every family toiling through the week, Sunday in rural Quebec is definitely a day of relaxation as well as worship. The church is the hub around which the social life of each community revolves. Sunday morning the people assemble from every corner of the parish, coming on foot, by motorcar or truck, or in buggies; and it is sometimes difficult to identify at once all of one's acquaintances in their "store clothes." Before Mass they cluster in the churchyard to discuss the weather, crops, and livestock, the engagements, marriages, births, deaths, or whatever adventures or accidents befell during the week past.

English-speaking Canadians who do not understand them are sometimes prone to dismiss the *habitants* (or the *cultivateurs*, as they more often refer to themselves) as backward, primitive folk without a great deal to recommend them. In reality, they have a fine old culture and interesting traditions; they are intelligent, good-humored, hospitable and generous. In this age of speed we might do well to learn from them how better to enjoy life in a simple, leisurely manner.

Revision of the New Testament

Latest edition

By RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

Condensed from the *Sign**

In 382 A. D., when the Goths were hammering at the frontiers of Rome and the decadent civilization of the empire was in its death agony, Pope St. Damascus commissioned St. Jerome to revise the Latin New Testament and correct it from the best Greek manuscripts. This revision by St. Jerome was destined to play an important part in the Christianizing of the barbarian conquerors of the empire.

The fruit of St. Jerome's labor was the Vulgate edition of the New Testament, that is, the common or popular Latin New Testament. The value of St. Jerome's revision is unquestioned. Our oldest extant Greek manuscripts of the New Testament, *Codex Vaticanus* and *Codex Sinaiticus*, were written in the 4th century, A. D. Since St. Jerome asserts that he consulted only ancient Greek codices, he certainly used manuscripts that were far closer to the original autographs than any we now possess. Adolph Harnack, the "higher critic," admits that not one of our extant Greek codices so closely approximates the original New Testament text as does St. Jerome's Vulgate.

St. Jerome's work received the highest possible commendation on April 8, 1546, when the Fathers of the Council of Trent decreed that the Vulgate is an

"authentic" version and should be used in all public lectures, disputations and sermons. By this decree the Church guarantees the fidelity of St. Jerome's translation and its substantial identity with the original text.

Many centuries had elapsed between the publication of St. Jerome's version in the 4th century and the decree of Trent in the 16th. During those thousand and more years the Vulgate had a very checkered history. It was copied and recopied thousands of times. For a long period the pre-Vulgate, old Latin versions continued in use. Copyists were tempted to write the old familiar readings in the margins of their manuscripts of St. Jerome's Vulgate. Inevitably, many of them slipped into the text. With the invention of printing, these "corrupted" copies of the Vulgate were multiplied and perpetuated. A revision of the Vulgate was therefore necessary; not a correction of St. Jerome's work, but a restoration of the text to the state in which it had issued from his pen. So the Fathers of Trent further decreed that an "emended" text of the Vulgate should be published as soon as possible. This was to be the Church's answer to the prejudiced Bibles of the Reformers.

*Union City, N. J. May, 1941.

A number of scholars immediately began this laborious work. In 1585 Sixtus V became pope and thereupon pushed forward the work of revision. The Sixtine Vulgate was published in 1590. This revision was not considered satisfactory, so the following year Pope Gregory XIV appointed a commission to revise the text of Sixtus' Bible. St. Robert Bellarmine, the learned Jesuit cardinal, was a member of this commission. Finally, in 1592, in the reign of Pope Clement VIII, the work of revision was completed and the so-called Clementine Vulgate was published. A second and third edition were published in 1593 and in 1598. This revision is the official Bible of the Church.

Contrary to general belief, the Bible was translated into English long before the Reformation. Venerable Bede (673-735 A. D.) translated at least the Gospels into Anglo-Saxon. In 1380 the Vulgate New Testament was translated into English. For centuries this translation was attributed to the heretic Wycliffe, but most modern scholars admit that the so-called Wycliffe version is really a pre-Reformation, Catholic translation. Even the Rheims-Douai version of the Old Testament appeared two years before the King James version, in 1609.

In the wake of England's revolt from Catholic unity there appeared many new translations of the Bible, all infected with a strong anti-Catholic

bias. The need of an English Catholic version was imperative. The professors of the English Catholic college and seminary at Douai, Belgium, undertook this task. The translation of the New Testament was chiefly the work of Gregory Martin. He was assisted by William Allen (later created cardinal by Sixtus V), Richard Bristow and Thomas Worthington. The New Testament was published at Rheims, France, in 1582.

Of the value of the Rheims New Testament there can be no doubt. The basic text of the translation was the Latin Vulgate. As has been observed, the Vulgate is closer to the original New Testament than any of our extant Greek manuscripts. So the Protestant scholar, W. G. Moulton, writes in his *History of the English Bible*: "The Latin translation, being derived from manuscripts more ancient than any we now possess, is frequently a witness of the highest value in regard to the Greek text which was current in the earliest times, and its testimony is in many cases confirmed by Greek manuscripts which have been discovered since the 16th century. Hence we may expect to find that the Rheims New Testament frequently anticipates the judgment of later scholars as to the presence or absence of certain words, clauses, or even verses."

Unfortunately, the Rheims translation followed the Latin idiom too slavishly. It was filled with Latinisms

which must have sounded strange and awkward to English ears. Thus, "For our wrestling is . . . against Princes and Potestats, against the rectors of the world of darkness, against the spirituals of wickedness in the celestials" (Eph. VI, 12). "But he exinanited himself" (Phil. II, 7).

In 1611, the English Protestant King James version was published. The majestic, idiomatic English of this version emphasized the necessity of correcting the current Catholic Rheims-Douai Bible. Bishop Richard Challoner, vicar apostolic of the London district, undertook the work of revision. Between 1749 and 1777 six editions of his revised New Testament were published. All subsequent English Catholic Bibles are reprints, with various linguistic corrections and changes, of Challoner's revision.

It is difficult to determine the principles that guided Challoner in his revision. His aim was to clothe the Rheims translation in modern English and to revise its text according to the Clementine Vulgate. Challoner certainly rendered English-speaking Catholics a good service, but his revision was too drastic. The changes he introduced, aside from the purely linguistic modifications, seem to have been frequently influenced by the Protestant King James version. Subsequent edi-

tors and publishers of Challoner's Bible have made matters worse by arbitrary "corrections."

For many years the need of a revision has been keenly felt. During the last century, Archbishop Francis Patrick Kenrick of Baltimore published several editions of a revised Rheims-Douai Bible. It was proposed to make Kenrick's version the "authentic" American Catholic Bible, but the matter was dropped. A revision of the Challoner Bible was also proposed by the English bishops assembled in synod at Oscott in 1855. Cardinal Newman was invited to undertake the work. He began with great enthusiasm, but was soon forced to discontinue because of lack of cooperation.

The new revision released last month was first proposed by the Episcopal Committee on the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The study of the New Testament in discussion clubs organized by the confraternity emphasized the urgency of an improved English translation.

The revision was initiated and directed by the Episcopal Committee through its chairman, Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City, Mo. This new revision gives American Catholics an accurate, faithful reproduction of the inspired New Testament, clothed in familiar, idiomatic English.

The Ersatz Religion

Condensed from a book*

Who is greater than God

Ersatz means substitute, and in recent years, in order to limit its dependence on other countries for raw materials, Germany has been developing a host of "substitutes." To the Nazi way of thinking, however, the greatest obstacle to the fulfillment of the National Socialist program is not the lack of materials but the presence of Christianity, which proposes a loyalty to Someone who transcends even the nation, and inculcates standards by which that, too, should be judged. The Christian religion, therefore, must go, and with it the ideals and aims that it embodies, and which have been for centuries the inspiration of the German as of so many other peoples.

Man, however, is a creature with a positive attitude of mind; he will toil, suffer privation and even death itself for a positive, though perhaps extremely indefinite, ideal, but not for mere destruction, unless that appears to him to be a step toward the attainment of his aims. This is true of Germany today. In the Third Reich the Christian religion is being relentlessly destroyed; Christian ideas are being ousted by the thoroughly pagan conceptions which National Socialists proclaim about God, man, the universe, and the eternity and divinity of blood and race. This is

not destruction merely for destruction's sake, but to leave the field clear for something else, something positive that will furnish ideals in conformity with the spirit of the "new Germany." National Socialism, amid the ruins of Christianity, is investing itself with the nimbus of a religion; a new religious mentality is being advocated, a liturgical language of its own is being introduced, and the Christian sacraments and symbols are being replaced by pagan ceremonies, symbols, and services. National Socialism is not only combating the old Church but is also constituting itself into a church of its own.

Dr. Schnabel, Professor in the University of Halle, wrote in the *Mittel-deutsche Nationalzeitung* of July 4, 1935: "In a certain sense National Socialism is a religion because it asks its followers not to become convinced of the truth of its doctrine (!), but to believe in it. Like any other religion, National Socialism possesses its own teaching on moral questions, and its own ethics, the classical expositions of which are, first, what the Führer wrote in his book *Mein Kampf* about the Aryan, and then the work of Alfred Rosenberg, *The Myth of the 20th Century*."

*The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich. 1940. Longmans, Green & Co., New York City. 365 pp. \$3.

Even more outspoken than Dr. Schnabel's statement is a lecture given by Minister Kerrl in the *Lessing-Hochschule* in Berlin on Jan. 15, 1938, which was thus summarized by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* the following day: "The principles of National Socialism are the principles of an eternal and unchangeable religion which consists in the development and achievement of the topical, national and socialistic tasks of the state."

At intervals during the last few years Baldur von Schirach, leader of the youth of the Reich, has expressed in slightly varied form the same idea, to which he referred at the inauguration of the Youth Hostel of Fulda in the spring of 1939 as follows: "All of us who have taken part in the fighting period of our movement and now are seeing the wonder of Germany's resurrection are inspired by the same religious feeling. We serve God by being loyal to our Führer and doing our national duty. We are, therefore, a youth that believes in God, because we serve the divine law that is called Germany."

This attitude frequently invests the absolute allegiance given to the person of the Führer with a distinctly religious halo. Leading officials of the party speak of Adolf Hitler as if he were a divinity, and by elevating his qualities into a superhuman sphere they proclaim a kind of pseudo-religious worship of his person.

At a meeting of the Hitler Youth in the Frankfurt Hippodrome, the chief speaker, Herr Willi Becker, leader of the German Labor Front of the province of Hessen-Nassau, said that "National Socialism is not to be compared with any former party. Only future generations will recognize that fact. When in centuries to come mankind sees the present events in their true proportions they will say, 'Christ was great, but Adolf Hitler was greater!'"

The *Kölnische Volkszeitung* of June 7, 1937, quotes the following sentences from a speech delivered at Kiel by Dr. Ley, leader of the German Labor Front: "We owe everything that has been accomplished to Adolf Hitler alone. Our efficacy is derived from his strength, his mind, and his will. 'I am with you and you are with me,' the Führer said at a roll call a year ago. This consciousness of a personal relationship between the Führer and ourselves is always present to us.

"After 3,000 years the teaching of Adolf Hitler will be as clear and unadulterated as today; it is the task of the party organization to safeguard its purity. Every official has to live his life according to his precepts and ask himself before every action, 'Would Adolf Hitler approve of this?' The word of the Führer must always be in all hearts."

At the conclusion of a demonstration of the Hitler Youth and the Ger-

man Girls' League at Freiburg (in Breisgau) which had been ordered as a countermove to a solemn profession of faith organized by the Catholic Youth on the feast of St. Boniface, the Hitler Youth proclaimed their loyalty to the Führer in these words: "Adolf Hitler, yesterday, today and the same forever! *Heil!*"

Quite consistently the Nazis have created a new piety, a new "National Socialist faith"; moreover, the party authorities do all in their power to replace Christian usages by pagan pseudo-religious customs. Baptism is imitated by a solemn "Conferring of the Name"; marriages and funerals are surrounded with a pagan religious ceremonial; the meaning of Christian feast days is paganized and National Socialist services are provided with a neo-pagan cult and a pseudo-religious liturgy.

Even Grace before and after meals is being transformed. At a free dinner given by the National Socialist Welfare Committee of Cologne to poor children of that city, the children, almost exclusively Catholics, had to say the following Grace:

BEFORE DINNER

Führer, my Führer, on me by God
bestowed,
My life in times to come, protect and
hold;
Out of deepest distress thou hast Ger-
many led,
To thee I owe, alone, my daily bread:

Abandon thou me never, with me for
e'er abide,

Führer, my Führer, my Faith and my
Light,

Heil, my Führer!

AFTER DINNER

For this food, my Führer, my thanks
I render,

Protector of age as of childhood tender.
Thou hast cares, I know, but be not
afright,

My heart is with thee by day and by
night.

Place thy head on my lap and quietly
rest,

Thou alone art my Führer, for thou
art best,

Heil, my Führer!

The nation in its racial and communal aspect has been constituted the supreme and final norm directing the whole life of the community. Thus, it is not the divine that reigns supreme but the purely human.

In his speech at Münster on July 6, 1935 (as also on many other occasions), Rosenberg affirmed the "eternal and creative life of the nation, the eternity of the blood." He said that it was a "divine commandment" to protect this blood.

The new "creed," modeled on the most universal and ancient Christian formula of faith, the Apostles' Creed, puts into a few words the whole aim and content of the new *ersatz* religion:

"I believe in the land of all the Germans, in a life of service to this

land; I believe in the revelation of the divine creative power in the pure blood shed in war and peace by the sons of the German National community, buried in the soil thereby sanctified, risen and living in all for whom it was immolated. I believe in an eternal

life on earth of this blood, that was poured out and rose again in all who have recognized the meaning of the sacrifices and are ready to submit to them. . . . Thus I believe in an eternal God, an eternal Germany, and an eternal life."



A young Boston Jew, according to the *Transcript* of that city, tried for months to discover whether his parents were still alive in Poland. The U. S. state department sought to locate them, but failed. The American Red Cross also did not succeed. He wrote a letter to the Vatican. In a few weeks, he had a reply, giving him the town and the street address where his parents are now living. The grateful young man was not anxious for publicity. The *Transcript* had a hard time getting the story and omitted his name. "I don't like to mention it around much," he said. "It might get the pope in wrong if people found out he had done a favor for a Jew."

The Register (30 March '41).



Without ballyhoo, and with some ingratitude, the pope is doing great things for the prisoners and internees in the various belligerent countries. According to the *Osservatore Romano*, papal representatives have visited prison camps in Albania, Greece and Palestine, Canada and Australia, as well as in many parts of Europe. British and French prisoners in Italy have been visited by a mission headed by Msgr. Borgongini Duca, papal nuncio. In England, Monsignor Godfrey, apostolic delegate, has visited many internment camps, where he has delivered the pope's personal message to the prisoners, with the assurance that the Holy Father was using his utmost endeavors to relieve distress. Similar gifts were distributed to the prisoners in England. Meanwhile, a special office has been established at the Vatican, where news is obtained regarding prisoners and refugees in many countries. The Vatican radio is busily engaged in transmitting messages to relatives who have no other means of learning of the fate of their loved ones.

The Cross (March '41).

Novena

By EDWARD DOHERTY

Office boy's report

Condensed from the *Torch**

A young man in a wheel chair has thrown thousands of Americans onto their knees—and before his exertions are done he may have a million men and women there.

Five years ago the doctors told this young man that he must die soon. In a day or two, they said at first. In a week or more, they said later. Then they said a few months, perhaps; maybe six months to a year.

They also said (and they haven't changed their minds about this yet) that he would never walk. So the young man, Jerry Flynn of St. Louis, went to the saints for consolation, and for help.

Now he's trusting in Blessed Martin de Porres, expecting a complete cure. Out of all the saints in heaven, Mr. Flynn has picked Blessed Martin as the one celestial doctor who, through the mercy of God, can make him walk again.

Catholics the country over are praying every day to the same Blessed Martin de Porres for the miracle Jerry Flynn so confidently awaits.

Jerry Flynn once studied for the priesthood, but decided he had no vocation. He lived a good life in the world, going to Holy Communion every Sunday, setting a good example,

bringing many fallen-away Catholics back to the Church, and trying always to follow the will of God.

On a day before he was to become a partner "in a big business," Jerry says, "God stepped in and took complete charge."

On a Sunday afternoon, June 28, 1936, Jerry, accompanied by two friends, went for a ride in his new automobile. He was on a straight road. There was no car ahead of him or behind him. He stepped on the gas. The car was doing 60 when something went wrong. It turned over six times before it stopped.

The girl in the car had her legs broken. The young man who sat next to her escaped without a scratch. Jerry was taken to a hospital to die. There were fractures on each side of his head. Eleven of his ribs were broken. His back was broken in three places. His pelvis and his hips were broken. Altogether he had 19 broken bones. He was paralyzed from the waist down.

"Do with me what You like," Jerry said to God. Apparently God wanted him to live. And after a time Jerry realized that. God wanted him to do something before he died. What was it? Was it to suffer? Was it to show

*141 E. 65th St., New York City. May, 1941.

to the world the power and the benevolence of God's saints? Was it to show the power and benevolence of any particular saint? Jerry didn't know.

He began to make a series of novenas. They lasted 54 days. Three days after he finished each novena, and he kept up these novenas for four years, queer things happened. He would get worse. He would "go into chills and fever." His constant pain seemed to grow more intense.

Was God taking this means to rule out one by one all the saints but the one particular advocate He had in mind? Jerry wasn't sure; but it seemed to him that this might be so.

Early in the beginning of this year Jerry, through a friend, heard of Martin de Porres, and the favors granted by the Almighty through the intercession of this humble Negro lay brother. He obtained a pinch of soil from Blessed Martin's grave, and every day he touched this soil to the sores on his hips from which he had suffered for a year and a half. And every day for three weeks, Jerry and his friends prayed that Martin would heal those sores.

"The doctors tried everything to heal them," he wrote to Father Norbert Georges, head of the Blessed Martin Guild at 141 E. 65th St., New York City. "They were about one inch wide and went to the bone. Every kind of powder and salve was used. Nothing seemed to help. Just three weeks ago

today the novena to Blessed Martin was started for me; today both of the sores are healing. One of them is closed and has a scab on it, the other will be closed in a day or so."

He ended this, his first letter to the priest, with these words: "In my next letter I am going to ask your advice on a novena to Blessed Martin for me. If God hears our prayers, Jerry Flynn will get up, and Blessed Martin will be Saint Martin. I want to have about 50,000 people make the novena for these two intentions. I think I can do it. Do you?"

Jerry and his friends enlisted an army of devotees. The *Register* publicized his appeal. Each day for nine days thousands of people prayed for Jerry Flynn's intention. Jerry Flynn did not get out of his wheel chair and walk, as many of those people hoped he would. Had his novena failed?

This is how Jerry feels about it, in a letter written for all those who prayed for him: "You can be sure God heard our prayers, but He didn't let Jerry walk. Not yet; but He will soon. If I were to get up and walk during those nine days, or right after the novena was over, that would be sensational. God wants us to be humble. And Blessed Martin was humble. That is the way God is going to answer our prayers.

"Many of you wonder how I can take it. I will let you in on a secret.

Jerry Flynn's life is a corporation. God is the President, and He holds the controlling interest. My confessor, and the priests and nuns I know, are vice-presidents. My mother, father, brothers and sisters, are the treasurers; my doctor, the secretary; my friends, the office force; and Jerry Flynn is the office boy. With a setup like that, everything is easy. We have three bylaws: first, don't let up; second, don't let down; and third, don't let on.

"Why don't *you* incorporate? I can assure you that you will never be sorry."

What has he lost through the novena? Nothing. What has he gained?

Only what he hoped to gain, as he wrote in a letter to Father Georges, dated Feb. 6: "I am sure of gaining two things. First, I will spread the devotion to Blessed Martin, and through him people will come closer to God. Second, just try to imagine the prayers that will be floating up to God for my intention."

Letters are now coming in expressing the writers' joy in knowing of the marvelous life of Blessed Martin, and in experiencing the benefits of the intercession.

They have been inspired by Jerry's wonderful slogan, "Don't let up; don't let down; don't let on."



Just a Moment

It is far better to seek counsel before marriage than to retain counsel after. And remember that you may have to seek it; those best able to give it are so well experienced with the insanity of infatuation that they regard the volunteering of advice as the suicide of friendship. Those best able to give it are those who know marriage, those who know you, and those who know the girl. Line them up in this fashion:

1. *Your father.* Ordinarily, at 20 a boy refuses advice from father; at 30 he listens to it; at 40 he seeks it, and at 50 he regrets that father no longer lives to advise him. For once in your life take him into your confidence, even if he is self-conscious about it. He knew enough to pick a good mother for you.

2. *Your mother.* If your father knows a lot about marriage, your mother knows ten times more. It takes a woman to size up a woman. If your mother says, "Thumbs down," let it be so.

3. *Your confessor.* All kidding aside, he knows more about marriage than a man who has had five wives. Such a man knows five things that can wreck marriage; and the priest knows 100 or 1,000. Sooner or later the problems come to the priest; it is wise to make it sooner.

4. *Her kid brother.* Win his confidence. You can learn more about her disposition from five minutes with him than you can in five years of courtship.

The Notre Dame Bulletin (15 March '41).

The Historical St. Thomas Aquinas

Black and white seemed red

By FRANK SULLIVAN

Condensed from the *Modern Schoolman**

We have forgotten the nominal emperor, Rudolph, who ruled at the time of Thomas' death. Thomas, dying without possessions within a monastery cell, we still remember. His father was Landulph, count of Aquino and lord of Loreto, Acerro, and Belcastro, nephew of the Holy Roman emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, and cousin to King St. Louis of France. His mother, Theodora Caracciola, was countess of Teano in her own right, descended from long lines of Norman barons and Saxon kings.

Yet at his deathbed in a monastery on a road to Tours there were no worldly goods to hint that this was a great man. In his youth, Thomas was offered the archiepiscopal See of Naples; Pope Innocent IV offered to make him abbot of Monte Casino; and towards the end of his life he might have been a cardinal. But in the room where he died there was no miter, no pallium, no scarlet tunic; a breviary and a satchel were there and the black and white habit that Thomas had worn. Black and white, the Dominican writers tell us, signify purity and penance, reflection and absorption. And the black and white habit of St. Thomas gives us a key to the understanding of the power and influence

that today a humble friar of the 13th century exerts on our lives.

Thomas Aquinas was mystic, saint, theologian, and philosopher, but Mr. Gilson says, "The most evident and most constant element of his personality, the form under which there is the greatest likelihood that he thought of himself, is that of 'Doctor,'" the word being used to designate the learned teacher. To St. Thomas the giving of alms and the sheltering of strangers were excellent works, but they interfered with the inner contemplative life which he knew to be superior to the active life. Teaching is both inward and outward. It is the absorbing black and reflecting white. The inner contemplation is expounded outwardly, and the inner life, far from being distracted, finds its freedom protracted and its habit perfected by this act of Christian charity of communicating to others the truths of meditation.

Greater contrast we are not accustomed to find in life than that expressed by black's absence of all color and white's presence of all color, unless, perhaps, it might be in those systems of thought that see in man nothing but body, or nothing but soul. Two opposing tendencies run through the intellectual history of every people.

*St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. May, 1941.

For lack of better names let us call them humanism and asceticism.

St. Thomas understood the need for compromise and composition of humanism and asceticism, and molded into his system not only Benedict and Paul the Hermit, but left a place for Chrysostom, the golden-tongued, and quoted from the works of Horace, Ovid, Caesar, Terence, Seneca, and Livy. Who dares to turn aside from Thomas? Gathering all of human tradition, and accepting it, legitimizing and arranging it, developing completely the natural man to fit his supernatural destiny, he synthesized in one majestic philosophical consideration the metaphysical principles of reality; the inward structure of being; the nature of man and the physical world in which he finds himself placed; principles of morals and of civil conduct.

But before the black and the white could be combined, forces of opposition must be subdued. Physical and mental opponents placed themselves in the way of St. Thomas. His family felt that a life of ecclesiastical preferment should be his. But at the University of Naples this young man was attracted to the friars of St. Dominic, clothed in black and white and following *Veritas*, the shining motto of their Order. These men of no property were mixing with the students and the faculty of every medieval university, learning from one and teaching the other.

When Thomas arrived at the Uni-

versity of Paris he found an old controversy almost settled. Somewhere between Anselm the Peripatetic and St. Peter Damian it had been decided that faith and reason could not be opposed, since both came from God.

Abelard had cleared the way for St. Thomas to restore the Aristotelian doctrine of abstraction. He had believed in and taught of universals founded in reality. By his application of this principle St. Thomas constructed central pillars to support this system, which is in turn the metaphysical justification of his same doctrine of abstraction.

Abelard's method of exposition contributed also to something not at all unimportant in St. Thomas, his method of argumentation. But with St. Thomas that rational technique achieves its perfection in the elaboration of a new stylistic form of which we are fairly sure St. Thomas was the creator. This is the basic unit of the *Summa Theologica*, and in it we find embodied the best elements of the dialectical method: first, to state the objections to matter being defended, cite authority in support of the position to be held, give a clear statement of that position, and then refute the objections.

At Paris he was himself adopted by St. Albert, whose influence on his life and thought has often been discussed not always wisely and not always in agreement with the facts. I have not the temerity to suggest in what details

the whole intellectual relationship between the two titans in an age of giants consisted. This, however, we know to be true. In the person of Albert, Thomas came in contact with that man of his age whose curiosity ranged over the widest fields, and whose erudition sprang from the deepest springs of scholarship. He gave St. Thomas a taste for science and a feeling for what a rational exposition means, but above all, the sympathy of an older man sustained the young scholar, and the right emulation of student for teacher blew the sparks of scholarship into a blaze of wisdom. These were the things that St. Thomas found to help him orientate himself at the University of Paris. From these solid shores he launched himself into the swirling currents of university life.

To him the study of philosophy did not seek merely to find out what others had said, but he sought the truth of the matter. Certain classic problems had been answered. Some of these answers had betrayed their authors into errors of fact and opinion. It was well to be forewarned by the example of others. Some of the problems had been answered: it was foolish to ignore a work well done. So Thomas became an Aristotelian; not a slavish copier of Aristotle in all things, but a scholar who recognized the limitations of his model, yet understood the deep foundations upon which even these limitations were based. Clear-sighted

men were coming more and more to see that Aristotle's physics were incomparably superior to those of all other thinkers. St. Thomas began to use Aristotle as a basis for theology. Exemplarism was reintroduced, creation was put into the system, providence was recognized, and the unity of substantial form and the immortality of the soul were reconciled. But before these things could be done it was necessary to have correct texts on which to work. Thomas urged Henry of Brabant and William of Moerbeke to produce these texts, and when the texts appeared he attacked them as a scientific philologist. He searched for the order of Aristotle's ideas, the meaning of technical terms (to get which he used a splendid talent for etymology and semantics), and above all to understand rather than reconstruct.

From his labors he came to the conclusion that it was necessary to abandon Plato's explanation of this life, and, further, that it was impossible to use Augustine to defend Christian thought against the Arabs when the Arabs were speaking of this life, since Augustine was a Platonist himself.

It became necessary for Thomas, therefore, to oppose almost all the philosophers of his age. His robes of black and white seemed black indeed to the white partisans, and to the blacks, only the white was visible. He had taken upon himself the enormous task of forcing the Augustinians to ad-

mit philosophy's right to a place among the sciences, and to abandon the doctrine of innate ideas. Against the Averroists and the Avicennists he must reunite God to the world.

Naturally he was opposed. Paschasius Radbertus had written: "To contradict Augustine is an act of impiety." And this axiom remained in the 13th century as in the 9th. Furthermore, since it was the Arabs who had brought Aristotle to the Western World, many people thought that the cause of Aristotle was opposed to Christianity. In 1210 a provincial council of Siena had condemned Aristotle's books. In 1215 they were banned by the University of Paris. St. Bonaventure called the Aristotelians "followers of darkness," and another Franciscan, John Peckham, tells us that he himself attacked St. Thomas in a public debate, on which occasion he was forced to admire the forbearance of his opponent.

Just three years after his death, some of the works of St. Thomas were put on a condemned list issued by Etienne Tempier, bishop of Paris, and even some members of his own Order, notably Archbishop Robert Killwardby and Durandus of St. Pourçain violently attacked his memory.

Yet, despite all this opposition, the truth of St. Thomas prevailed. It is doubtful whether until recently he was ever fully understood. But even in the midst of opposition he stood out in the minds of men who knew him as a rock on which they might build though they knew not its scientific composition, as a bridge which, though it did not turn aside the violent current of opinion, was nevertheless useful in getting across the swirling confusion. When on July 18, 1323, Thomas was canonized by Pope John XXII, a seal of approval was placed upon his work which time has never dared to remove.



There was the controversy on *The Outline of History*. Belloc, in the course of rending H. G. Wells' rather stupid book limb from anthropological limb, said that H. G. must have stopped his study with the 19th century, that no scientist of any standing today held to the Darwinian theory of evolution by survival of the fittest. Wells, indignant, blustered that Belloc couldn't produce the name of a single outstanding scientist who rejected the theory. Belloc, with a perfectly straight face, promptly listed two pages of names which, he said, he recalled without having to go to the trouble of looking them up.

Michael Hayes in *Our Sunday Visitor* (7 July '40).

Fatima

The height stoops down

By MSGR. LAURENCE FORRISTAL

Condensed from the *Far East**

Up to 1917 Catholicism in Portugal was on the defensive, if not in full retreat. Nine out of ten Portuguese writers were in the camp of the enemy. To acknowledge oneself a practical Catholic meant being branded as an unenlightened reactionary. Even those not positively hostile regarded religion as a relic of the past and the Church as a dying institution. Many of the Church's loyal children were in exile. Those who remained felt themselves powerless to stem the tide of infidelity. Then in 1917 came the apparitions of Fatima (pronounced Fat'-i-ma) and, though few people realized it at the time, from that moment the Church's counterattack began. After Fatima came Oliveira Salazar, man of the hour in Portugal.

Though we had only a few days to spend in Lisbon, my friend and I wanted to see the man who, under providence, had remade Portugal.† Most of the 20 minutes allotted to us were spent in answering Salazar's questions about the Portuguese in America. "Have they kept the faith? Are they true to their traditions?" We were glad to be able, from our limited experience, to give him answers which made his eyes light up with joy. We

had heard of his "tired eyes" but on that day at least there was no evidence of tiredness in them. There was little to be learned in such a short interview but we were perfectly satisfied. We had seen and spoken to the statesman who did not want to be a politician and who would gladly relinquish his office if the nation no longer needed him. We had seen the man who had fashioned the new Portuguese constitution along the lines of the papal encyclicals and had thereby given new life and hope to his nation.

The day after our interview with Salazar, we arrived in Fatima. The little mountain village which, according to legend, took its name from an Arab maiden who became a convert to the faith during the Moorish wars, was unknown to the outside world until 1917. It was not even considered worthy of mention on the large-scale maps of Portugal until May 13, 1917. On that day three peasant children who had been caring for a flock of sheep at a place called Cova da Iria, returned home in the evening with a strange story. They had seen a beautiful lady who had told them she would meet them at the same spot on the 13th of each month for the next five months. She said she came from

†See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Oct. '40, p. 8.

**St. Columbans, Neb. May, 1941.*

heaven and that in October she would tell them her name. She advised them to say the Rosary frequently and with devotion.

The children's parents regarded the story as a fabrication; the mother of Lucia de Jesus, the oldest of the three, took vigorous measures to cure her child of lying. (Lucia was ten years old at the time. The other children were cousins of hers named Francisco and Jacinta Marta, aged nine and seven, respectively.) When the story became known in the village, no one believed the children and many mocked them. However, when June 13 came, no attempt was made to prevent them from going to Cova da Iria, and about 60 people, chiefly out of curiosity, accompanied them there. Again the children claimed they saw the beautiful lady and that she spoke to them for about ten minutes. The others present saw nothing unusual. They heard Lucia's voice but no other. On July 13 about 5,000 people from Fatima and the neighboring parishes gathered at the Cova. Again it was the same as a month previous; the children said the lady told them that in October she would reveal her identity, and what it was that she wanted, and would perform a great miracle so that all the people might believe.

So it continued with slight variations during the remaining months. Each time the crowd increased: 15,000 in August, 25,000 in September. The

ecclesiastical authorities and the Catholic press treated the whole matter with reserve, not to say skepticism. The Liberal journals, on the other hand, gave it extensive space and put forward various theories to explain the visions. The most charitable explanation was that they were due to autosuggestion, but some hinted at a priestly plot to establish a Portuguese Lourdes, a national factory for the production of miracles—and money. As a result of this publicity, unfavorable as it was, the whole nation was talking about Fatima by the time Oct. 13 came around. At least 50,000 people gathered at the little mountain village that day.

The three children were there with their parents. Lucia commanded the crowd to close their umbrellas (it had been raining since early morning) and begin the recitation of the Rosary. Exactly at midday Lucia cried out, "There she comes!" Her mother, kneeling by her side, warned her, "Look well, daughter, and see that you are not mistaken."

Lucia has no doubt of what she sees. The beautiful lady is there. Lucia asks her, "Who are you and what do you wish of me?" The Lady answers, "I am the Lady of the Rosary and I have come here to exhort the people to amend their lives, not to afflict our Lord any more by sin, to recite the Rosary daily and to do penance for their sins." She added that she wished

a church built in her honor on that spot and promised that, if men would mend their lives, the war would soon come to an end. As she turned to depart in the usual manner, she raised her hand and pointed to the sun. Lucia automatically translated the gesture to the crowd by crying out, "Look at the sun!"

Then the promised miracle took place. It had been raining heavily all day. Suddenly as if by magic, the rain ceased and the sun appeared. The multitude of 50,000 looked up and saw a most extraordinary sight. The sun was like a wheel of fire whirling furiously on its axis, throwing out in all directions shafts of light of various colors, yellow, red, blue and green, which were reflected on the clouds, the trees, the rocks and the people. Suddenly the sun came to rest, remained motionless for a few moments, then began to whirl again. This was repeated a third time. At a certain moment each person in that immense throng had the sensation that the sun had torn itself loose from the heavens and was hurling itself upon him. They cried out in terror and most of them threw themselves on their knees and made an act of contrition aloud.

As suddenly as it had begun, the strange phenomenon ended. It had lasted about ten minutes and was witnessed by everyone present. In the crowd there were many unbelievers, and practically every newspaper in

Portugal was represented. They were unanimous in describing what they had seen. The common people were convinced of the supernatural character of the apparitions and began at once to carry out the instructions of Our Lady of the Rosary. They built a rude chapel on the spot where the apparitions had taken place and made it a place of pilgrimage. The government and the anti-Catholic press first tried ridicule to kill the popular enthusiasm. When this failed, they had resort to force. The little chapel was dynamited on two occasions and cordons of soldiers were placed on the roads leading to Fatima to block the path of the pilgrims. But the soldiers were Catholics, too, and made only halfhearted attempts to carry out the orders of their superiors. The number of pilgrims increased from month to month.

The Church, as usual, moved slowly, making a thorough investigation of the facts. In 1929, 12 years after the apparitions took place, the bishop of Leiria published a pastoral letter declaring the visions authentic and approving of devotion to our blessed Mother under the title of Our Lady of Fatima. Since then a large church has been built about 100 yards from the shrine and a splendid basilica is being erected beside the church.

Fatima is now a household word in every corner of Portugal, in Brazil and among the Portuguese who have made their home in the U. S. Until the be-

ginning of the present war the number of pilgrims visiting the shrine on the 13th of the months from May to October continued to increase until in May, 1939, it reached nearly half a million.

Many miracles of bodily healing have been wrought at the shrine and have been duly authenticated by the highest medical authorities in Portugal. But the greatest miracle that has

come out of Fatima is a spiritual one, the renewal of the Catholic life of the Portuguese people. Gone are the days when a man of education was ashamed to admit himself a Catholic. The spirit of faith breathes through the land once more. Our Lady of Fatima has blessed Portugal, not with material wealth, but with peace, contentment and a truly Catholic government.



Flights of Fancy

A rainbow is sunbeams dissolved in tears.—*Tihamer Toth.*

He has concrete opinions—thoroughly mixed and permanently set.

Nonchalant as an average American talking about \$7 billion.—*Associated Newspapers.*

Humor is tragedy standing on its head with its trousers torn.—*Irvin Cobb.*

Like seven devils fleeing holy water.—*Michael Driscoll.*

Like *The Flight of the Bumblebee* played on a tuba. — *Walter Kranz.*

Busy as a cross-eyed boy at a three-ring circus.—*Rex Beach.*

She dispensed her slurcastic remarks with great generosity.

Hair like new blown hay.—*Harold Friel.*

Birds perch on the tree as if it were the shoulder of St. Francis.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

Abandoned as a miniature golf course.—*Joseph F. Szlosek, S.S.J.*

Late for his own nervous breakdown.—*Walter Winchell.*

Wears her clothes as if they were thrown on with a pitchfork.—*Jonathan Swift.*

Little episodes that died one bleat after birth.—*R. J. McInnis.*

A hard-boiled egg has a yellow center.—*Richard Witte.*

His eyes were the signature of his mind.—*Edmund A. Welsh, S.J.*

Crickets tuned their fiddles in the weeds.—*Allen R. Bosworth.*

He's always throwing it in my face behind my back.—*Charles Dickens.*

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Exact source must be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

Art in the Catacombs

its meaning and resurrection

By J. C. MARTIN

Condensed from *Truth**

The testimony of the catacombs gives evidence that art was not entirely abjured by the primitive believers on account of its idolatrous employment by the pagans. They rather adopted and purified it for Christian purposes, just as they did the diverse elements of ancient civilization. It was not until art became so lavish as to constitute an abuse that it called forth the condemnation of the Fathers of the 3rd and 4th centuries.

It must not be supposed that the first beginnings of Christian art were rude and formless essays, such as we see among barbarous tribes. The primitive believers had not so much to create the principles of art as to adapt an art already fully developed to the expression of Christian thought. Like the converts from heathenism, pagan art had to be baptized into the service of Christianity.

The primitive Christians, as a necessary precaution in times of persecution, concealed the mysteries of the faith under a veil of symbolism, which yet revealed their profoundest truths to the hearts of the initiated. To those who possessed the key to the "Christian hieroglyphics" they spoke a language that the most unlettered, as well as the learned, could understand. What

to the haughty heathen was a meaningless scrawl, to the lowly believer was eloquent of loftiest truths and tenderest consolation.

Although this symbolism of the catacombs is sometimes farfetched, it is always of a profoundly religious significance, and often of extreme beauty.

Some of the Christian symbols of the catacombs were common also to pagan art, as the palm, the crown, the ship and others; but they acquired under Christian treatment a deeper meaning than they ever possessed before. Orpheus charming the wild beast with his lyre is a frequently recurring figure of the catacombs, and is referred to by the early Fathers as a type of the influence of Christ in subduing the evil dispositions of the heart, and drawing all men unto Him, by the sweet persuasive power of His divine Word. The victory of our Lord over death and hell, and probably an ancient interpretation of His preaching to the spirits in prison, is pictured by the beautiful legend of the faithful lover seeking the lost Eurydice bitten by a deadly serpent; while at the sound of his wondrous harp gloomy Dis was soothed. Ixion's wheel stood still, Tantalus forgot his thirst, and the stone of Sisyphus hung poised in the air.

*412 8th Ave., New York City. January-February, 1941.

Another fable of pagan mythology reproduced in the catacombs is that of Ulysses and the Sirens. A sarcophagus represents the wanderer of Ithaca, bound to the mast, made deaf to the blandishments of the harpy-like daughters of the sea, and thus sailing safely by. Maximus of Turin in the 5th century explained the ship of Ulysses to be a "type of the Church, the mast being the cross by which the faithful are to be kept from the seductions of the senses." "Thus," he says, "shall we be neither held back by the pernicious hearing of the world's voice, nor swerved from our course to the better life to fall upon the rocks of voluptuousness."

But Christian art in the catacombs did not servilely follow pagan types. It introduced new forms to express new ideas. It created a symbolical cycle of especial Christian significance.

The rudely drawn figure of an anchor, in allusion to St. Paul's beautiful reference to Christian hope as an anchor of the soul, is one of the most frequently recurring symbols. This allusion is made more apparent when it is observed how often it is found on the tombstones of those who bear the name of Hope in its Greek or Latin forms, as *Elpis*, *Elpidius*, *Spes*, etc. There was a beautiful significance in this symbol to the tried and tempted Christian of the early ages. It assured him that his life bark should outride the wildest storm of persecution, and at last glide into the eternal harbor.

Associated with this in thought is the symbol of a ship alluded to by Clement of Alexandria, and applied sometimes to an individual and sometimes to the Church as a whole. The execution is often extremely rude since the design was evidently taken from the clumsy barges that navigated the Tiber. The palm branch and crown are figures that frequently occur. They call to mind John's "great multitude which no man can number."

One of the most frequent and beautiful symbols is a dove, generally with the olive branch in its mouth, the perpetual herald of the peace of God. Sometimes doves are represented sipping from a vase or plucking grapes in order to indicate the soul released from its earthly cares, and entered into peace. Another exceedingly common symbol is that of the believers as sheep or lambs and Christ as the Good Shepherd.

One of the most ancient and important symbols of this primitive cycle was the fish. It was exceedingly common in the 2nd and 3rd centuries, but in the 4th gradually fell into disuse, and had almost, if not altogether, disappeared by the beginning of the 5th. The abandonment of this remarkable symbol may be explained by its mystical and anagrammatic character. When the age of persecution passed away, there was no longer need to use a tessera, the meaning of which was known only to the initiate, to express those religious truths which were

openly proclaimed on every hand. This emblem derives its peculiar significance from the fact that in Greek the initial letters of the name and title of our Lord, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, make up the word for fish. This symbol is first mentioned by Clement of Alexandria, and probably had its origin in the allegorizing school of Christianity that sprang up there. It also contained an allusion to Baptism. "The fish," says Tertullian, "seems a fit emblem of Him whose spiritual children are, like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of Baptism." This sacred fish is sometimes represented as bearing a basket of bread on its back, and sometimes a loaf in its mouth.

Besides these symbols there are others illustrating the character and duty of Christians, as the stag drinking at the brook, the emblem of the soul panting after the living God in the Blessed Sacrament; the hunted hare, the emblem of the persecutions of the saints; and the cock, suggesting the duty of unsleeping vigilance. The olive tree indicates the fruitfulness in good works of the Christian character; and the vine, the intimate union of the believer and Christ. Another class refers to the hopes of future blessedness, as the peacock, the emblem of immortality, and the phoenix, of the resurrection.

The cycle of Biblical paintings in the catacombs is remarkable for the absence of any gross anthropomorphic repre-

sentations of the Deity. We find no representations here of the Almighty under human form. The nearest approach to it is a single hand stretched out to arrest the knife of Abraham, about to offer up Isaac, and a hand encircled with clouds, as if more strongly to signify its symbolic character, giving the tables of the law.

There is complete avoidance of all those images of suffering and sorrow, or of tragic awfulness, such as abound in sacred art above ground. There are no representations of the sevenfold sorrows of the Mater Dolorosa, no pictures of Christ's agony or bloody sweat, of His cross and passion, His death and burial, nor of the flagellations, tortures and fiery pangs of martyrdom, such as we find in the churches and galleries of Rome. To look at the catacombs alone, it might be supposed that persecution had no victims, since Christianity has made no allusion to suffering. We find there only pastoral scenes, fruits, flowers, lambs and doves; nothing but what suggests innocence and joy.

With the age of persecution, this simplicity of Christian art ceased. Called from the gloomy vaults of the catacombs to adorn the churches erected by Constantine and his successors, it gradually developed to the splendor of the frescoes and mosaics of the basilicas. It became more and more personal and historical and less abstract and doctrinal.

Christ of the Rockies

By SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS

Condensed from the *Colorado Magazine**

The magnificent statue of *Christ of the Rockies*, among the mountain firs and crags near Denver, is the largest religious statue on the North American continent. It stands on the side of the peak whose shadows fall upon the beautiful Camp Santa Maria del Monte for underprivileged children. This gigantic figure of Christ the King, 33 feet high, on a 22-foot pedestal, stands with its hand outstretched 14 feet from its body, as though blessing the camp below.

If it were not for the heroic statue of the Saviour erected 2,000 feet above the sea at the entrance of the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, this would be the largest sculptured likeness of Christ in the world. It surpasses in size the famous *Christ of the Andes* on the boundary between Chile and Argentina, which towers 26 feet above its pillar-and-globe pedestal. The Brazilian statue, in stone, rises 125 feet from the base of the pedestal to the top of the figure's gigantic head. The arms are outstretched so that from a distance the statue appears to be a huge cross. The statue of *Christ the King* at El Paso, Texas, is three feet smaller than the *Christ of the Rockies*.

The details of the huge project required more than a year and a half of

planning and designing by the artists. Many weeks were spent in producing a firmness of detail which shadows would not mar and which would be expressive from the high place the statue now occupies.

When viewed from the top of the mountain, the monument is equal in height to a five-story building. The figure itself is as high as a three-story building. The hand and wrist, measuring from the sleeve of the garment, are four feet long. The face is three and one-half feet from the chin to the top of the forehead, and is two feet wide. The average thickness of the figure is nine feet.

The figure was made on the grounds of a Denver terra cotta company and was fashioned from a huge mound of soft clay, surrounded by a square scaffold 30 feet high. Five tiers were constructed on the scaffold and five sculptors carved the figure. Each worked from one of the miniature models, which had been reduced one-tenth according to exact scale. One man worked exclusively on the face, another on the arms and hands, and a third on the chest. Two others carved the graceful folds on the lower part of the garment. When the clay statue was completed a mold was made of it and

*The State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colo. May, 1941.

cut into sections. The terra cotta was pressed and baked into three molds. The figure was then in approximately 30 sections. After the terra cotta blocks were completed the work of erecting the statue was handed over to building contractors. A structural steel tower, with reinforced concrete case, was erected with a foundation as deep and as strong as those built for very high buildings. Father Armand Forstall, S.J., noted physicist of Regis College, Denver, lent his knowledge in the erection of the framework to insure its being lightning proof.

Viewed from both directions of the canyon floor, the statue towers head and shoulders above the horizon. At night, huge floodlights play upon it, making it visible for three to four miles. Unlike other statues cut from stone and marble, the use of terra cotta enabled the artists to give a two-toned color to the figure. The face, neck and hands are of a different shade than the garment. This gives the statue a realistic appearance under the lights and

is the most unique feature of the great project.

The dedication of the statue, which was made possible by Mr. and Mrs. John L. Dower, took place on May 30, 1934. The blessing of the statue was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever seen in the West. A temporary altar was erected at the foot of the 33-foot statue and its 22-foot pedestal, where at the close of the ceremonies solemn pontifical Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to a throng of people seemingly oblivious to a driving rain and hail storm.

From approximately 1,500 feet above the canyon floor and 9,235 feet above sea level, this image of Christ looks down upon the countryside. The figure looms into view at the bend of the road some distance below the Camp Santa Maria del Monte, and with outstretched hand blesses not only the camp but travelers who chance to pass that way. "Peace be to you" seems to be the message expressed by its pose and countenance.



Your digest of Mount Melleray reminds me of the time I made a retreat there. We had with us an M. D. from England taking the liquor "cure." The first few days he was hard to handle in bed. Heavy tables were descending on him from the ceiling, and he'd yell, "Don't let that table fall on me." Finally, the attendant said, "Where'd you get this crazy idea of tables falling on you? Don't you ever see any snakes?" "Hell, no," he shot back, "only *common* drunkards see them."

Maurice O'Connor.

Leo Against the World

By JOHN P. DELANEY

Red-letter day remembered

Condensed from *America**

The 19th century heard much of the dignity of man, and man's equality, and man's unequaled advance toward a goal of material prosperity. At the same time, 19th-century culture replaced the Christian bond of love with a bond of hatred in a struggle for existence. The new culture had no place for the weak and the poor. Liberalism took it for granted that some men were masters by right of wealth, and many men were slaves by disgrace of work. The fundamental rule of living seemed to be that the strong become stronger, the weak weaker even to extinction; the rich become richer, and the poor become poorer until they can bear it no longer and die. It mattered not. "There will always be more poor," was the cynical paraphrase of Christ's dictum, "The poor you have always with you."

In the face of this culture, it was revolutionary to say that moral principles should have a bearing on industry, but it was the simplest Christianity, and Leo XIII said it.

It was revolutionary to say that the state might intervene in industry to protect the good of the community and the rights of the poor, but it was simple Christianity, and Leo said it.

To say that the labor of individuals

is not a commodity to be bought or sold at market prices, that there are dictates of nature more imperious than any contract between man and man, that the labor of every human being should be paid in a living wage, that justice and charity should infuse free competition: these were all simple Catholic truths, yet in an age of liberalism they sounded strange even to some Catholic ears.

In a day when labor unions were outlawed in almost every country in the world, in the belief that they were destructive of law and order, it took courage on the part of the head of the Church that stands for law and order to claim that men had a natural right to form such unions, and that no state may justly deny that right.

Strikes, in those days, were regarded as manifestations of an intolerable revolutionary spirit which should be met by force. It must have been shocking to hear Leo say that strikes were caused "frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work too hard, or because workers consider wages insufficient." His proffered solution of strikes must have seemed sheer insolence to men whose great guiding principle was *laissez faire*.

The yellow-dog contract had been

*329 108th St., New York City. May 10, 1941.

upheld in American law courts. The law of supply and demand governed the hiring and firing of men to such an extent that many "good people" could not understand why they should be asked to pay, let us say, \$12 a week for a seven-day week of 14 hours a day, when they could get many of the unemployed to work 16 hours a day for \$10 a week. It was a free contract, was it not?

Writing caustically, Leo XIII said: "Wages, we are told, are regulated by free consent, and therefore an employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, seemingly is not called upon to do anything beyond. The only way, it is said, in which injustice might occur would be if the master refused to pay the whole of the wages, or if the workman should not complete the work undertaken. In such case, the state should intervene to see that each obtains his due, but in no other circumstances."

He answered this argument sharply: "Let workingmen and the employer make free agreements, and in particular let them agree freely as to wages. Nevertheless, there is a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that wages ought not to be insufficient to support a frugal and well-behaved wage earner."

He killed once and for all the free-consent argument when he wrote: "If through necessity or fear of worse evil,

the workmen accept harder conditions because the employer or contractor will offer him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice."

The fundamental Christian principles which Leo XIII placed as the basis of any lasting solution were extremely simple. Human greed and human selfishness exist and can exist only where there is a false concept of human dignity and human brotherhood. Men will seek money and power beyond all measure when they have adopted money and power and position as the only measure of human worth. Men will use fellow human beings as pawns in a game of greed only when they have lost sight of the dignity of their fellow men and their brotherhood in Christ.

Leo wished to teach men that their dignity is not a matter of social position or of wealth, but a higher thing than any accidental place in society. Man's is a dignity based on sonship in God and brotherhood with Christ. Man's dignity is in his redemption by Christ, in the Christ-life he lives in this life, and his eternal destiny with Christ in God. In this are all men equal. Beyond this they differ and differ greatly in physical strength, in mental equipment, in qualities of mind and body, in aptitudes for different work, in opportunity.

But all these things are means to an end, means to a development of human personality, and it is necessary for a man to use the gifts God has given

him to sustain the life that God has given him. And it is a shameful thing for any human being to despise another human being, however slight his talents seem to be, and a brutal thing to use a fellow being for selfish gain.

From this dignity spring all man's rights; and from this dignity comes the obligation to respect a like dignity and similar rights in other human beings. It is more than a matter of respect of one individual for another. There is a unity of human beings in Christ.

In the course of time, through greed and selfishness, property has been concentrated in the hands of a few, but Leo tells the few that they may not look upon their possessions as entirely their own, to be used as they see fit. They are the stewards of God's wealth, stewards of the undistributed wealth of the poor, and they must allow the poor an opportunity to gain a decent living.

In this concentration of property, Leo saw an evil that sooner or later must be remedied. The dignity of the human being is such that no man, much less millions of men, should be totally dependent on other men for their daily food and the food and clothing of their children. Leo's reformation of society demands eventually a redistribution of property so that "as many as possible of the humbler classes may become owners." This redistribution of property is the only possible permanent solution.

Leo XIII was no impractical dreamer. Economic systems are not changed overnight. The injustice of generations is not righted by the penning of a single letter, even one that is read throughout the world. As Pius XI was to remark many years later, the worker's only means of acquiring property is through savings from his wages. Hence the importance of Leo's insistence on a "living wage," a wage that will enable a man to support himself and his family in decent comfort, provide for periods of sickness and misfortune, save for his old age and leave something to his children.

But even the general improvement of wages to a level of decency is a task that calls for almost heartbreaking patience in education; for technical planning of unusual skill; for good will that must be almost heroic in its implications; for peaceful collaboration of all classes of society, of capital and labor, of the general public, of the state, of the Church. Leo expected priests to take the lead in social studies based on the moral principles of the Catholic faith. He expected Catholic industrialists to be foremost in organizing employers into associations that would accept the necessity of moral principles applied to business. He expected Catholic workingmen to take a leading part in labor organizations designed to promote the rights and welfare of workingmen.

He knew that a bitter struggle lay

ahead, and he hoped to temper it by constant insistence on rights and obligations, rights of property owners and their obligations, rights of workers and their obligations, but he was realist enough to know how impossible it is to level society.

Whatever be the plans evolved by the skilled economists, and whatever may be the form that property distribution may take in the future, the prin-

ciples of Leo remain indispensably fundamental. There will always be social strife unless men learn and live the elementary Christian principles of man's equality in Christ, understand the dignity of every type of social contribution in labor performed by man who is a brother of Christ, the unity of the human family in Christ, the absolute necessity of social collaboration for the welfare of all.



Some remedy must be found for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at this moment on the large majority of the very poor. The ancient workmen's guilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Public institutions and the laws have repudiated the ancient religion. Hence by degrees it has come to pass that workingmen have been given over, isolated and defenseless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition. The evil has been increased by rapacious usury which, although more than once condemned by the Church, is nevertheless, under a different form but with the same guilt, still practiced by avaricious and grasping men. And to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself.

From *Rerum Novarum* by Pope Leo XIII.

In our days not alone is wealth accumulated, but immense power and despotic economic domination is concentrated in the hands of a few. This power becomes particularly irresistible when exercised by those who, because they hold and control money, are able also to govern credit and determine its allotment, for that reason supplying, so to speak, the lifeblood to the entire economic body, and grasping, as it were, in their hands the very soul of production, so that no one dare breathe against their will.

From *Forty Years After* by Pope Pius XI.

From Pew to Pulpit

By PAULA SINCLAIR

Not for clerics only

Condensed from *Orate Fratres**

An earnest young friar from a near-by seminary, in tunic and scapular, spectacles and decorum, comes on Sundays to our parish to say one of the numerous Masses.

He is newly ordained, I think, for his sermons are dialectic gems, precise and polished. His vocabulary is scholarly, and the Aristotelian "right-reasons" and "ultimate ends" continually studding his discourse impart an unambiguous, rhetorical polish that is so foreign to us as to leave us open-mouthed and unresponsive. This worries him, poor man, and I would like to explain why we are that way.

We are slow to appreciate more refined homilectics, because we have unconsciously persuaded our parochial ministry to the use of a much blander diet of doctrine. Thus we receive our religious instruction at a minimum of personal effort, comfortably, in what is called "our own lingo." We hear our younger congregations being exhorted to virtuous living by such picturesque figures of speech as "carrying the ball" and "running interference," while the more staid groups are won over with a brisk, businesslike approach. We have been all too successful in frightening our patient clergy away from suspicious attempts at phil-

osophic "folderol." And contentedly we prosper in the conviction that these modern elementary homilies are sufficient to salvation.

But how could our poor friar know all this, whose every thought as student, seminarian and priest has been molded in the rich tradition of the scholar-Church — whose chapel echoing to the soaring *Te Deum* of Matins and the full-throated chant of Mass has been the source of his spiritual life, and whose every ordered hour has been arranged to lure perfection. This parochial spiritual apathy, this intellectual flacidity, is a shock to him, I know, and to be confronted with such persistent imperturbation, even in the face of his perseverance, has left him with his confidence obviously shaken, and the unhappy conviction that he is already a failure in his new mission.

Poor Father, how discouraging that question must be to you, and hundreds like you. But if you make the choice between resorting to the chatty vein of our persuasion, or actually embarking on the rigorous course of instruction necessary to solve the problem we propose, I think you will find the answer to your "why," and promptly overcome your discouragement. Remember that many of us have never been inside a

*Collegeville, Minn. May 18, 1941.

Catholic school; that some of us stopped our pursuit of knowledge in the 8th grade; that others have gone on to high school and college. Only a few of us are aware of the philosophical and sociological implications of our faith or have known the exquisite joy of participating in the spiritual fullness of Catholicism. I honestly think, despite our apparent lethargy, that we are ready, indeed, looking, for a more intellectually stimulating form of instruction.

Catholicism in America is a glorious monument to the priests who pioneered in the gigantic building program that laced the continent with churches to meet the needs of the ever-increasing population. With almost superhuman ingenuity they have built a church and school for almost every parish, and these on such a grand scale as to appear well-nigh incredible to our European brethren.

But now this pioneering is to some extent completed; my friar and his community, and all the religious foundations and seminaries we have, are witness to the fact, as are our constantly-increasing proportion of Catholic college alumni and alumnae. There

is a growing sense of accomplishment, of a milestone safely passed, and this is where I think you, the scholar-priest, enter the picture.

We are unfortunately ignorant of the full liturgical significance, but we are touched by its beauty, and the splendor of the music and ritual. How fertile then are the fields for your sowing; it is only that you must start at the beginning in your instruction and mount with us patiently from the elementary catechism through the study of man, his ethics, and the Church, to God, His essence, and man's relation to Him.

Share with us the richness of your preparatory experience, accustom us to the same "living with the Church" which you are used to, educate us to Gregorian music, help us to use a missal and thus *assist* at your Masses rather than to be polite (or impolite!) spectators. Give us the benefits of your Christian culture, and the privilege of full realization of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Please don't despair of our ignorance and come down to our level, for then we shall all be there. Stay where you are and hope to persuade us to come up to that high place.



When King Edward VII was crowned, an Irishman in Parliament moved to abolish from among his titles, "Defender of the Faith," saying, "King Henry VIII who first got the title is now where he can light his pipe with his little finger."

William Lyon Phelps.

The Woman Who Lived in a Room

By DOROTHY BERNARD

I remember I remember

Condensed from the *Ave Maria**

When first I knew her she lived in a room. But she has moved now. A suitcase introduced us, a suitcase into which I had packed just about everything but the kitchen stove, and which in emphatic disapproval of overcrowding disgorged its contents pell-mell in a crowded train. She was sitting just opposite, and helped me retrieve the odds and ends—some of them very odd indeed. After that, we seemed to meet nearly every morning, and soon established a little traveling fellowship.

She lived in a room, she told me, a room divided into three parts: a bedroom, lounge, and kitchen.

"But the division is like the equator," she laughed, "an imaginary line." Then she grew serious, and looked at me rather thoughtfully for a moment. "You write, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes, sometimes," I replied.

"One of these times when you're stuck for a subject," she said, "perhaps you could write one about *The Woman Who Lived in a Room*."

"You?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "Not me, at least not only me, but the hundreds and thousands of people who are living in a room. It's a queer life, and the people with real homes of their own don't know a thing about it. It

would be good, I think, for them to know."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"In a magazine I was reading the other day," she said, "there was a paragraph that went something like this: 'Sometimes I think that the most wonderful thing in the world would be to walk upstairs and downstairs, and in and out of rooms, and still be at home.'"

"A year or so ago I'd not have noticed that sentence, for then I had a home of my own. We were just a tiny family: father, mother, myself. It's 20 years now since father died, but mother and I stayed on there together, for we had no other relations on this side of the world. We weren't well off, but there was enough to keep the home going. Mother's health was up and down. One way and another, I had a fair bit of responsibility, and often I'd grizzle and growl to myself, and sometimes not only to myself. That is something you might tell people if you write that article. There are lots of things worse than having responsibilities. Mother's dead now. She died just 18 months ago, and someone said to me afterwards, 'Well, you're free now, free to live your own life.' They meant it kindly; they were trying to offer

**Notre Dame, Ind.* May 10, 1941.

compensation for heartache, loneliness. And, in a sense, they were right.

"If only I could go out tonight! I used to think. But I couldn't. I was tied down. Mother couldn't be left.

"You'd better take an umbrella today,' mother would say when I was leaving in the morning. 'It looks like rain.'

"Oh, I hate taking umbrellas,' I'd say, and flounce off without one.

"What did you do today?' mother would ask when I got home, and I'd grudgingly put aside my book and tell her.

"There was an altar to our Lady in my bedroom, and I'd get it all arranged to my liking, then in the evening I'd find a queer-shaped vase in the middle of it. Mother had put it there, and I'd think to myself ungratefully, 'Well, I would like *one* place that I could have just as I wanted it.'

"I've got it now all right—a whole big room.

"You wake up in the morning, and say to yourself: 'I wonder if it will rain today?' Yes, you say it to yourself, for there is no one else to say it to you any more. You can take an umbrella or you can leave it at home. Who cares?

"You want to wash out a change of clothes. Is there someone else in the laundry? Usually there is. Perhaps you're lucky, and manage to find it free. Out goes your washing on the line. That day it does rain. That

night when you get home, are your things lying bone-dry on your bed?

"They were just dry, and I saw the rain coming, so I brought them in.' That's what mother used to say.

"But who thinks of things like that in an apartment house? It's not unkindness. Perhaps it's sometimes thoughtlessness; but usually, it's just the way things are.

"Oh, the stories behind those doors in an apartment house! Downstairs there is a woman whose husband died, leaving her with three small children to bring up. They're in a boarding school, or a home somewhere, for she has to go out from 8 to 6, working to keep them and herself. You meet her sometimes in the hall. She shows you a picture of the kiddies, and a photo of her husband. 'Isn't the middle one the image of him?' 'Yes,' you say, and then you both tear off about your business. When you work all day, and look after your cluttered-up room, and get your own meals, there isn't much time for small talk.

"Across the landing is a young woman who looks no older than 23, with a baby. You eyed that baby coldly when you first moved in. Was it noisy? Did it cry at night? So you wondered. But it's a good baby, and its mother cares for it with ceaseless, unselfish devotion.

"When its occupant is not within, each room is tightly locked. That does not mean you distrust your neighbors;

although, really, you don't know them all, with people coming and going all the time as they are. And, anyway, the front and back doors are almost always open, and that means anyone could walk in and make an uncondacted tour. So it's safer to lock the door. But that means if there's a sudden dust storm, your room is covered with dirt and grit; or if it rains, you go home to puddles and dampness.

"I went round and closed the windows,' mother used to say; or 'I opened them as soon as the wind went round to the south.'

"It used to seem that she could do so little, that so much of the work fell on me. I was restive, impatient under ties that seemed so tight they could scarcely be borne. Well, I'm free now, and you might tell people in your article that freedom can be the emptiest thing in the world. When you can do what you like, go where you like, what do you want to do? Where is there for you to go?

"Why didn't I board? Because I wanted to keep my furniture, a few of my little treasures. After all, there is no place for them in a boarding house."

That is what she told me, the woman who lived in a room. And she told me this, too: that her heart nearly broke when she passed gardens, or open front doors, where families laughed and talked and sparred. She said she longed to cry out to them, "Do

realize how fortunate you are! Make the very most of every minute of your life together. For the saddest of all sad things is to live alone."

"Of course," added the woman who lived in a room, "I'll get used to it in time. I'm not really adjusted yet. You see, it's only 18 months. And besides, I haven't been feeling very well. That always makes a difference, doesn't it?"

She paused and looked at me a trifle uncertainly. Then she said, "Excuse me, but I think you are a Catholic. Is that right?"

"Quite right," I replied.

"Oh," she said, and seemed relieved. "Then you'll understand when I say that being a Catholic means simply everything to me now. To be able to go into a church, and know you are really at home. When everything else has gone, changed, capsized, there is still the Mass just the same! I think our Lord must have had people in mind who lived alone when He said, 'I am with you always.' He knew how we would feel, and wanted us to know that He would never go away. So, really, I'm not a bit worried about myself. But I would like you to try to explain to people who still have everything what it means to have almost nothing, and not even to know about God being there all the time."

She didn't tell me all this at once, of course. We met, off and on, for weeks, and a lot of it I had to delve

for very carefully, very persistently. For she wasn't one of those people who are always talking about themselves. But I could see in her, as in a mirror, the lives of millions, and I thought perhaps you'd like to look into that mirror, too, over my shoulder, so that we might both come to have more understanding, sympathy, friendliness, imagination.

For three or four mornings I missed her on the train. She was usually there when I got on, for she lived a good way farther out. Remembering a cough, and her passing reference to more than ordinary tiredness, I wondered. So at the week end I went in search of her room. The house took a little finding. She had referred to it only vaguely, but I stumbled upon it

at last. At the door the landlady greeted me, "Oh, you've come to fix up about her things?" she queried, relief in her voice. "That's good, for there's someone waiting for the room. Not that I want to rush you, mind, but my rent's going on all the time, and it's been hard to find it lately. So many changes, and some going and never paying. Not her, mind, don't think that. Most particular she was, always in advance, and bright and cheerful. I'll miss her."

"But," I said, getting a word in edgeways, "where is she now?"

In a few words she told me. A sudden collapse, the doctor, double pneumonia.

When first I knew her she lived in a room. But she has moved now.



Fore and Aft

Maybe our national bird should be a pelican. It's got such a big bill.

Magazine stands are built in tiers to hold the dirt in place.

They had no room for Christ when He was born. Now they have no time for Him.

When a bee gets into clover he starts working, while a man quits.

Oklahoma has had prohibition a long time but the only dry thing it has produced is wit.

Often a young man's idea of saving money is to bank his shots in a pool-room.

Make an effort to please others but don't try to make a hit with the jackpot.

Too many people think they can cash in on the marriage bond.

Joseph J. Quinn in the Oklahoma City-Tulsa Southwest Courier.

Sports' Champion Father

By JACK DeCHANT

Red Pop

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

"Pop" means more to Red Ormsby than a bottle he forgot to duck, because this 46-year-old, carrot-thatched American league umpire is renowned up and down the glory trails of the brain and brawn circuits as "the champion father of the sports world."

Emmet T. Ormsby is the proud "Pop" of 12 children, (eight girls and four boys) who stomp, romp and sleep in the family residence in Evergreen Park just outside Chicago. It is often said in dugouts and clubhouses all over the way stations of the American circuit that Mr. Red Ormsby can handle any rapsallion in a player's uniform because he learned the secret at home in 12 different chapters.

Born in April, 1895, Red banged out a good enough average at the Nativity parish school in Chicago to be "traded" to De La Salle Institute where he got his first real taste of diamond dust. Starting out as a pitcher, Red began a career in uniform at De La Salle.

In 1912 he brushed off the dust of Chicago sandlots and joined the Gladstone, Mich., team in the Upper Peninsula League. He must have been inspired by the name of his first affiliation because in the next five years Ormsby seldom had time to unpack his duds from his traveling bag.

Ormsby was drafted by Omaha in 1915 but that didn't pan out too well and he was back in Chicago whipping the horsehide over the plate in semi-pro circles until the spring of 1916.

About this time the Kaiser began dusting Uncle Sam off with bean balls and when the ruckus started, Red joined the 5th U. S. Marines and wound up in France where they never called the game on account of rain. Like all good marines, Ormsby was soon up at the front where the rough was rough.

Back at base camp where the "green" Yanks were taught the rudiments of how to get along with the enemy on the most unfriendly terms, Red came to be regarded as the most unorthodox hand-grenade pitcher in the business. He could never get accuracy, so the story goes, with the army method of heaving them with a stiff-arm, looping throw. But as he could really lay 'em in there with the snap toss of the baseball pitcher, the instructors finally gave up and let him use his own style. Once again he was a pitcher, only this time in a uniform of brown khaki.

Ormsby never bothered much with a rifle. He did most of his havoc-raising with a revolver and an apron full of hand grenades, 11 to a load.

*141 E. 65th St., New York, N. Y. May, 1941.

What the brass hats couldn't teach Red about heaving our modified version of the German potato masher, old Lady Experience did. He tells it this way, "I just stood up and heaved them until I saw what happened to a buddy of mine. Those Germans used grenades, too, and one of theirs hit my pal where he was carrying his own. The whole 11 exploded and blew him to bits. After that, I was strictly a sideways thrower."

Three times during the duration he went over the top into No Man's Land but didn't "get his" until two days before the armistice was signed. Reviewing the "incident" which came his way in a shell hole on the Meuse, Arbiter Ormsby admits, "it was probably my own fault. They told us to expect a gas attack and I had lost my mask. When it happened, I just had to lie there until the stretcher-bearers came and got me." The cot that brought Red Ormsby back to America also bore up under the weight of the *fourragère*, French military decoration for distinguished service.

He was hardly up and around before he was back acourtin' his first love, baseball. In 1919-20 Ormsby was manager of the Sheechans, a semi-pro outfit that made ends meet for the nonce in Chicago. The year 1921 brought the ex-marine, war hero, pitcher and manager face to face with two new careers, both of which he has done right well by in the past two decades, as the

records will testify. That year he was married. The same year he traded memories of an apron full of hand grenades and pitching fame for the mask and indicator, and began calling them in the Three I League.

This year Ormsby began his 18th season as a plate duster for the same league and in the years that he has moved from one baseball battleground to another, his reputation has grown.

He has had only two serious setbacks in all those years. One of them can come under the reign of peril that the umpire enjoys when he calls 'em as he sees 'em regardless of consequences to life and limb. In the summer of 1929, the Indians were stalking the Athletics down Cleveland way. Bill Campbell was behind the plate, Brick Owens at first and Ormsby was keeping his eye on the hot-corner antics. Late in the hot and heavy battle, Lew Fonseca bunted and beat out the throw to first, but Campbell called him out for running outside the three-foot lane. Pent up fervor in the Redskin section of the stands boiled over and pop bottles began raining down.

Poor, unsuspecting Red was walking up and down third-base line waiting for the play to resume when some red hot pitched one in the groove and beamed him. Down he went like a log. "Never knew what hit me," his report goes, "but friends told me afterwards that the bottle, after striking my head, bounced into the air and flew clear

down to second base." After this slight accident, he was out nine weeks with a serious concussion.

It was in 1938 that the Great Umpire almost waved the father of the brood of 12 into the dugout for good. About three weeks into the season, he was stricken with spinal trouble and other complications. Doctors despaired of his life and he received the last rites of the Church. He decided, however, that he had to fight on, because "I can't die and leave all those young children behind me." All of his 12 little protégés, from Rita, now at St. Marys of the Woods College, Indiana, down to little Mary, age 5, had plenty to rejoice over, as did the entire sports world. Red won his battle and went South the following February to get in shape.

Father Henry McGuire, his pastor at St. Margaret's church in Chicago, wants it known that Umpire Ormsby is a daily communicant both when he is at home and on the road; and he participates in many parish activities.

Harking back to his work as an umpire in the American League, the

champion father of the sports world has this to say, "It's a tough business for the newcomer. I know the boys sure made it plenty tough for me when I first came in. I don't blame them, as I look back. I was a green hand, just like a rookie getting his first baptism of fire in the majors. The further along you go, the more confidence they gain in you, if you know your stuff and are willing to give them all a 50-50 break."

So the next time you are out at the ball park watching your home team lose a tough one because of a close decision by Umpire Ormsby, keep those pop bottles in your lap. But whether you do or don't Red will keep right on calling 'em because, as he puts it, "Sure I've had my tough moments, but I am always inspired to carry on by memories of the man that hired me. Ban Johnson did more than any other person in this country to make umpiring a profession that a man could follow with self-respect. He hired me to do a job in a great game and I am going to keep right on doing it until my own last strike is called."

Colorful Language

When a man is rebellious we call him red; when he is afraid we call him yellow; when he is straight we call him white; when he is loyal we call him true blue; when he is ignorant we call him green; and when he is uninteresting we call him colorless.

The Commentator quoted in the *Woman* (Dec. '40).

Reflections on Train Riding

Mark Twain marks train

By E. F. MILLER

Condensed from the *Liguorian**

A question of some importance in America these days (now that the gates of Europe are closed to us), and one that has not been sufficiently examined by research students and university professors is: what a man should do when riding on a train. Our country is so vast in its distances that journeys can be made which last two and three days before a desired destination is reached.

It is always well before boarding a train to supply yourself with various newspapers and magazines, although ordinarily there need be little worry in this regard. If a friend or relative accompanies you to the depot, he will approach the newsstand in good time and purchase for you an armful of periodicals that in all probability you never heard of before. There may be a few in the bunch that you wouldn't want to be found dead with; certainly that you wouldn't want the man across the aisle to see you reading. And, of course, there will be one or the other picture magazines. You carry these with you as you follow the porter to your place.

You seat yourself next to the window and after five or ten minutes of grotesque gestures and lip movements, in an effort to make yourself understood by those who are waiting to see you

off and are still on the platform, you give one last wave and then point toward your destination. The train is on its way. For a time you watch the warehouses, slums and factories flying by, withdrawing your attention only when you are safely out in the country where there is nothing except nature to look at. Then you begin paging through your literature. The first perusal will concern itself only with pictures, including those that under the name of advertisements endeavor to sell you something. By the time you finish your survey an hour will have passed.

There are some who at this stage get busy with serious matters. We once saw a young gentleman with a dictation machine on the seat next to him talking into his phone with great enthusiasm. "Dear sir," he was saying, "Your order will be ready for shipment by Aug. 1." When he saw us hovering near, he stopped. Perhaps he was a spy or a communist, his mind filled with schemes for blowing up America; and that was why he found it necessary to utilize even train time in getting through his nefarious machinations. The life of a spy or a communist is so short.

We knew a good priest who always

*Box A, Oconomowoc, Wis. May, 1941.

called for a table after his first few minutes on the train, and began to pound his typewriter with the fury of a tropical storm. If you happen to be riding the *20th Century* between Chicago and New York, you can move forward to a certain car and get a haircut, that is, provided you need a haircut. A good half hour can be spent in that fashion, and more money than one might think that a haircut is worth. When you finish, you can toss aside another 15 minutes by discussing affairs with the barber. Barbers are always well informed. It is said that Woodrow Wilson learned all about the Balkan situation from a Slovenian barber who once cut his hair.

However, for most travelers expedients like these are out of the question. The jouncing of the train pounding along at 80 miles an hour and the proximity of strange people who keep beating a path up and down the aisle exclude the possibility of any serious work among ordinary individuals.

Getting a drink of water, even though you are not thirsty, seems to be customary. Especially is it advisable if a little boy or girl comes to the side of your seat and just stands there looking at you. Most persons find this a nerve-racking experience. Cajolery, threats (in whispers), baby talk, offering the *Saturday Evening Post* or the *New York Times* will not stop the scrutiny. In fact, nothing will make the child's eyes waver even for a

moment in their calm analysis of what they see. It is not wise to say sibilantly, "Begone," for loving parents are wont to resent remarks of that nature. The only expedient is to go forward and draw a drink.

If the child is gone on your return, you may sit down with a sigh and watch some more scenery. In some states of the Union it is well worth while, for there is beautiful scenery to be gazed at. Mountains, forests, green fields, weeds and rubbage from mines spring up continuously as the train speeds along. One generally does not have such grandeurs in one's yard at home; thus it is well to look with absorbed attention so that when you return after your journey you will have memories to relate to the relatives and neighbors who will want to hear all. However, in some states there is nothing worth looking at except fields of wheat, corn and other marketable commodities which are of interest only to the farmer and the department of agriculture. In this case you can either count telegraph poles (done even by the best), or make an excursion to the club car.

The club car might be called the sitting room of the train. It is not so democratic an institution as one might believe. It is open only to those who have enough money to buy for themselves a berth in the Pullman. The people who occupy the coaches must remain in the coaches, and like it.

They are the proletariat, supposedly the great unwashed, the forgotten folks about whom the current president speaks in his fireside chats. They are the ones who bring their dinner in a shoe box and sit up all night in a chair, sometimes advertised as just as comfortable as a bed.

The club car is a thing of beauty. Appointed in palatial style with large easy chairs, radio, table, floor lamps and a library of current magazines, it offers the lethargic passenger an appropriate change of site for the soothing of his weary nerves. Oftentimes it happens that there will be a talkative man or woman (drinks are served in most club cars) in the chair next to the one you take, and that individual will help you pass away another half hour by wheedling out of you many items of a personal nature.

After listening to this kind of talk as long as you can stand it, you should look at your watch to find out if it is time to go into the diner for a bite to eat. About 5 o'clock, supper (always called dinner on diners) is announced by a colored gentleman who travels up and down the aisles ringing a round of chimes and saying disinterestedly, "First call for dinner." At five minutes after five you beg your neighbor's pardon, arise from your chair and stagger a car or two back until you meet a man dressed in black carrying in his hand a bundle of cards which will turn out to be menus when you

get to know him better. He is the master of the diner.

We advise strongly that before you look over the menu you take a secret glance at your purse, and then bolster yourself for a nice shock. The prices printed after the different selections will be a strong reminder that you are still far from the millionaire class. However, do not be deceived into thinking that you can cut corners by ordering a la carte, that is, taking this and that instead of taking the whole thing in one fell gesture. A sandwich and a cup of coffee with perhaps an egg may put you almost as far in the hole as a full meal.

After you finish your lunch or dinner, you can idle away a short time in smoking a cigar or cigarette. While you do this, the waiter will bring you a dish of water in which you are supposed to wash your hands. The origin of this custom is uncertain. Some say that it is a relic of imperialism such as this land had before Washington started democracy. Others, again, maintain that it is an importation from the Far East where, it is creditably reported, people still eat with their fingers, and in consequence become so soiled after each meal that only a good wash will rid them of the stains that their operations begot. A third group says that the trains are the only ones who will admit a fact, namely, that Americans still do not know how to eat without getting things all over themselves. Be

that as it may, you are expected to wash up before paying your bill.

On coming back to your original place you will discover that your bed is already made, for porters begin this process even before it gets dark. Having no longer a place to sit down except in the lounge (and of this you are now quite thoroughly sick), you decide to retire. Let us say that you have an upper berth.

The upper berth is a tiny compartment up near the ceiling, about eight feet off the floor, and large enough to accommodate a child, but certainly not big enough for the comfort of a normal adult. It seems that our far-famed American inventive genius has not yet got as far as the Pullman berth. In 20 years of train riding we have not seen a single improvement in this truly primitive way of catching a night's sleep while making a journey.

To get into your upper berth you seek out the porter and tell him you would like to go to bed. He gives you his permission by making a ladder appear from some place, and fastening it firmly against your bed. You climb up and sit on the stop step to remove your shoes; it is customary for the porter to shine the shoes of all his clients while they are trying to sleep. There need be no fear that the porter will steal them. We have known people who took their shoes to bed with them in obedience to a warning that they had heard to beware of confidence

men on trains. Never has it been known that a porter absconded with a pair of shoes.

Your shoes removed, you button up your green curtains and begin to go to bed. An upper berth is so small that a man cannot stand up; it is so narrow that a man cannot turn or twist too much lest he fell out and receive a nasty bump; it is so cramped that there is no place for a man's suitcase except on top of his feet or alongside his head. You have to be a contortionist to get into your pajamas, and a magician to find places for your clothes.

A good study in the effects of original sin can be had by anyone who cares to stand at the gate of a railroad station about 7 o'clock in the morning, and watch the all-night travelers straggle in, bearing the appearance of having been whipped. It is best not to say anything to them until they have been out in the sun for a while.

This, then, constitutes the things to be done while riding on a train. We hope that our information will be useful to those who are in the dark about such things. Our last suggestion is: before you start a trip, sleep for 24 hours; then take a coach. Have a good book with you that will improve the mind. Finish your book as you fly along. When you arrive at your port of call you will be as fresh as a flower. If you do this you won't have to read our article on what a man should do when riding a train.

Books of Current Interest

(Any of which can be ordered through us)

Blunt, Hugh F. *Listen, Mother of God!* New York: Catholic Literary Guild. 258 pp. \$1.25.

Complete treatise on Mariology, through an exposition of the titles in the Litany of Loreto.

Dunne, Peter M., S.J. *Pioneer Black Robes on the West Coast.* Los Angeles: U. of Calif. 286 pp. \$3.

The work of the Jesuits in Mexico and California from 1591 to 1632.

De Blacam, Hugh. *St. Patrick.* Milwaukee: Bruce. 176 pp. \$2.25.

Scholarly work on the life of the saint, from capture by Irish pirates till death.

Guide to Catholic Literature, 1888-1940. Detroit: Romig. 1,240 pp. \$20; paper, \$15.25.

An exhaustive list of Catholic books and authors. The critical notes are excellent, the biographies and lists of magazine articles amazingly complete. A must book for every library.

Dominican Fathers. *Lives of the Dominican Saints.* Washington, D. C.: *Dominicana.* 439 pp. \$2.

Life sketches of 15 Dominican saints with a chronological list of Dominican saints and blessed.

Boyle, George. *Democracy's Second Chance.* New York: Sheed. 177 pp. \$2.

Stresses the importance of human personality and intelligence rather than political machinery in the building of a democracy.

The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich. New York: Longmans. 565 pp. \$3.

Exhaustively documented account of the German government's anti-Christian policy.

Mackenzie, Compton. *West to North.* New York: Dodd. 404 pp. \$2.75.

The 4th book of the *Four Winds of Love*, which is widely acclaimed as a great tetralogy tinged with Catholic philosophy.

Jordan, Elizabeth. *Far Away Island.* New York: Appleton. \$2.

Adventures of young people shipwrecked on a desert island.